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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

TO CLAUDELLA,

In reply to "Why am I sad?"

BY ANNIE MOTT.

In the merry hours of gladness,
Still the heart will often feel
The deep, heavy thrill of sadness,
Over its happy moments steal.

In its time of joy and pleasure,
Yet the heart will often sigh
O'er some loved but long lost treasure,
Of the days that are gone by.

Like some strain of music dying,
On a wild and rocky shore,
Echoes catch it, and replying,
Still prolong it, evermore.

So some long departed voices,
That once sang, in happy strain,
When the gladden'd heart rejoices,
Wake their melody again.

When the sun is brightly burning,
Oftentimes dark clouds will rise:
And the day to night's shades turning,
For awhile veil all the skies.

The bright rose that is perfuming
With its breath, the summer air:
Turn aside its sweet leaves blooming,
And the hidden thorn is there!

So we tread 'mid joy and sorrow,
Down life's varied, winding way:
And we know not of to-morrow,
While we pass along to-day.

Yet Claudella, *hope!* despair not!
If our souls were never sad,
If the days of sorrow were not,
We'd not know how to be glad.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Blood Bought Bride.

A Story of the East, South and West.

BY CHOLULA.

CHAPTER IV.

Oh! on! on! See master passion coming.
And ere you are aware of it,
Lo! he overpowers.

We were riding along the forest highway, the woods were deep and thick as the hill tapered up into deep, dark glens on either side of us. There was an awful oppression at my heart, and scarcely knowing what I did, I slackened my horse's pace almost to a walk, while the party, all except Mr. Stately, galloped on before; we were riding on slowly, conversing, when we were startled by the noise of horses' hoofs flying down the rocky hill behind us. We looked and beheld three savage-looking men mounted on cold black horses, coming in full speed towards us, the foremost one held in his hand a small bugle which he placed to his lips, and blew a low, murmuring, but distinct blast, and in an instant we saw emerging from the deep hollow, four and twenty armed men, all coming with the utmost speed towards us. What could be their object? I looked at Edward, and said,

"Oh, Edward! what does this mean? Oh, they will take us, they will murder us; let us fly, let us fly!"

"Let us fly, indeed, the company are at least two miles ahead of us; they are after us, that is certain, they are pirates, and they will take us. We are at their mercy, we cannot fly long from them. See! their fleet horses, but my poor dear Emma, I will pour out for you my last drop of blood. Yes, I can but die for you."

So saying, he drew from his saddle a brace of pistols, that not till then, did I know or have any idea he carried, and as he did so, a new power seemed to possess him, his features became almost purple, and his black eyes flashed with fury, as they surrounded us. My horse started like a frightened deer, and dashed down a by-road followed by two of the pirates; on we went almost like lightning, for about a quarter of a mile, but their fleet horses were too much for mine, we were taken and carried back to the spot which had now become a place of action, just in time to see my poor dear Edward dragged lifeless and bleeding, and five of the men lying dead upon the earth. The sight sickened me, and I fell fainting from my horse.

When I awoke to consciousness, I was lying on a low berth, in a room filled up with boxes, chests, trunks and berths like the one on which I was lying; and an old negress was moving almost noiselessly about the room, as if afraid of walking on something ferocious or disturbing some person. Where was I? I could not imagine, everything looked so strange. I could remember nothing after falling from my horse. While I was thus in perplexity, wondering and trying to study, the door opened, and a strange looking man entered. He was of very striking appearance, and almost savage looking, he was tall, large-limbed, dark, but very handsome features, large, but almost fascinating, black eyes, and beard and hair coarse, and as black as midnight, hanging both about one foot and a half in length; he approached the spot where I lay and stood over me. I gazed at him transfixed with fright; a cold shudder ran through my frame, as he stooped and took my cold hand in his. I tried to snatch it from him, but had no strength to effect my purpose; I felt his lips on my forehead, good heavens! I shuddered from head to foot, closed my eyes in sorrow, and shrank back into insensibility.

I awoke with the words on my lips.

"Oh! God! where am I? Oh! what is it a terrible dream? or is it more awful reality?" and while I almost writhed in agony, groan after groan involuntarily burst from my tortured heart. Again the door opened, and again the same dark figure approached my bedside. He stopped in a few feet of me, when he spoke,

"Poor frightened child, why are you so fearful of me? I would not harm you for all the world. No, no, you are too dear to me. Come! come! now, don't be so nervous; when you are better, I will tell you all."

Oh! what a voice, it thrilled through every nerve and fibre. It was softened into a low, tender and almost melodious love, when addressed to me, but I could detect a hurried commanding and firmness of expression lurking within. I remained silent, placing my weak hand over my eyes, while he continued speaking,

"Does your head ache, Miss Gentry? are you too weak to talk, or have you lost the power of speech in all this bustle?"

"Oh! where am I? where is Edward? and mother?"

"I know nothing of your mother, I knew not that you had one, but Edward is safe, and so are you, but by heavens, you—but I will spare you now."

"Oh! go on, go on, please do; I can bear anything now, if you will but tell me he is alive, and assure me he is safe."

At these words he seemed to be very angry, and said,

"Yes, he is safe and living, but by heavens you shall never see each other again, if it be in my power to prevent it. You are completely in my power, we left Edward Stately on the highway in a few paces of where we thought we had killed him, we would have concealed him, but we heard your party coming, and were compelled to fly, for fear of something serious, they bathed his face and hands in water from the brook below, and at last he moved and caught his breath. This was the last we saw. I said he was living, I only fear he is; I wish we had killed him, for he will suffer more than if we had; but he should suffer, for he slayed five of our men. I need not fear, though, that he will not suffer enough, for he will suffer severely from his wounds, but more severely for the loss of you, my sweet bird; but you shall be happy, happy with me, happy in my love, and I happy in yours. Nay, do not shudder and shrink from me so. You will love me, you will soon forget him and love me, and then"—

"Oh! for the love of heaven!" shrieked I, "do not kill me. Why! oh! why will my heavenly father suffer me to be thus tormented? What! oh! what terrible crime have I committed to deserve this bitter punishment? get away wretch! villain! begone! out of my sight. Oh! my Edward! poor dear Edward! forget you? Oh! no! no! not as long as my breath endures. Oh! mercy! mercy! mercy! Oh"—

"Stop! stop! for your own sake. Stop, don't talk so fast, you are delirious now, you will change your opinion when you are better. Yes, you must and shall change your opinion, you must and shall forget him and love me; this day two weeks you shall marry me at my residence in the wild woods of Florida; nay, do not tremble so; it is a sweet home, dearest, a sweet, sweet home, and then you will find a darling sister, she is an angel, she is beautiful like yourself, and she has the same soul-speaking eyes that you possess, but hers are black, black as night, and she will love you as I do. Oh! Emily, can you not even now return my love, for I love you with a greater depth of passion than you imagine I am capable of loving. I saw you on the mountain, you perhaps did not see me; there were so many, and yet I saw you, I saw you, and watched you, and loved you. Oh! how dearly, how I admired you, loved you, when you stood with flushed cheek and sparkling eyes, delighted with the wonderful works of nature. Yes, my little bird, I saw you there and determined to possess you, and I followed you, I scarcely lost sight of you, I followed you on to the island where I have been watching for an opportunity; it came; and now you are mine, the dearest, sweetest treasure, that in all my rovings over sea or land, I have become in possession of. Come! Emma, do not judge so harshly of me. Cast off those dull feelings, and walk out on deck with me, and breathe the fresh air, and then perhaps you will be strong enough to hear my history, and then perhaps you will not think me as great a villain as you now do. Say, girl, would you like to hear it? if so come."

He held out his hands to me, I was almost unconscious, I hardly knew what I did, and yet I answered him by attempting to rise. He lifted me gently from the berth, and carried me on deck. I knew not why it was, but at his touch all my strength left me, and I was helpless as an infant. He seated me in an easy cushion chair, and placed himself on a low seat beside me, where he sat stroking my long hair with one dark hand, and clasping one of mine with the other. What could I do? I had no strength to withdraw myself from him, no power nor means by which to escape him. We were now alone on the wide ocean; only the few sailors were necessary to manage the ship, and the old negress was the cook.

"Oh! my poor mother," I murmured, as I thought of the extreme anguish she must suffer at my loss.

"Your mother, yes—well, you have a mother then. Well, I am sorry about that; never mind that, though, if I am not mistaken, you shall see her again. Mother, how sweet that word sounds to me. I once had a mother, an angel mother."

Here he stopped suddenly, and burying his face in his hands, groaned deeply. Then starting quickly from his seat, he exclaimed,

"I am a fool, is she not gone never, never, to return? but oh! my mother! my mother!"

Reader, I was not at all displeased at this extraordinary exhibition. I had thought him a wretch void of principle and feeling; but, now, that I beheld him so much affected at the recollection of his mother, my heart softened a little towards him. I knew not who, nor what he was. I only had an idea from circumstances, that he was a robber. I did not even know his name.

At length, as he sank back into his seat, I said slowly, and half afraid,

"Who is your mother? and who are you? did you not presume to tell me your history?"

He started at the sound of my voice, then regarding me with a look of tenderness, he said,

"Yes, child, I believe I promised you, but I was afraid you were not strong enough to hear it, and consequently did not proceed."

"I am strong enough now, sir, so please go on."

So he proceeded. "My mother, my sweet mother was a Georgian, and while residing with her parents in her native land, she was stolen by some slave traders, and taken to Constantinople, in Turkey, to be sold at auction. While she was being bidden for by some old Turks, a young Frenchman emerged from the crowd and commenced bidding. He was exceedingly tall for a Frenchman, but was not quite my height; and it is said, by those who knew him, that I am his image exactly. Well, it being so uncommon for a Frenchman to be there in such a time and place, that the crowd began to press exceedingly and the bidders to increase. When the old Turk began to get excited, and exclaimed,

"'Get away, Frenchman. She is already as good as my property. I was the first bidder and intend to be the last.'

"'Then I will be next to the last,' cried the Frenchman, eying the Turk sharply.

"Meanwhile the old Turk's purse beginning to feel pretty light, and seeing the Frenchman's determination, made a sudden exit, and the beautiful Georgian maiden fell into the hands of the Frenchman, Duano des Atra, who, being the commander of a ship, carried her on board, and proceeded to the coast of Italy, whither he was bound, but after hearing her story, he carried her back to her parents, and in a few months he requested and received her hand in marriage, and they with her parents removed to Italy where my father owned some property. And there, dear Emily, is the land of my birth. Sweet Italy! glorious Italy! It was there beneath the clear sunny sky, that I first drew my breath; and it was there with the rich, luscious fruit, and velvet flowers around me, that I first lisped the names of father and mother. It was there, too, that I sported over the green meadows, paddled in the crystal brook, and tasted the cool drops from the clear gushing fountain. There, too, my dear little sister Antoinette, and myself frolicked about on the rocky sea shore, searching for glittering pebbles or smooth white shells, and listened to the shrill scream of the sea-bird. And it is there," he murmured, with his lips quivering and the tears starting to his dark eyes, "with the clustering vines clinging over the green roof of her dark chamber, and the sweet-scented flowers and delicious purple grape breathing perfume around her, that my mother, my sweet-sainted mother rests from all her sorrows."

Then he paused and covered his face with his hands, while the bright tears dripped rapidly through his fingers. He wept there for a few moments, then arose and walked away.

Reader, did you ever see a strong man weep? if you have and were not moved to tears yourself, you deserve to be called hard-hearted.

In a little while Duano returned, took his seat, and continued,

"Miss Gentry, I hope you will forgive my womanish behavior."

"Of course, sir, I should do so with readiness, but I see nothing very unbecoming, or improper, in the transaction, for I think, sir, that a person that has become so reckless and debased as to forget all reverence and feeling for a mother, or even a mother's memory, it would be a blessing to him, and society, if the Almighty would take him from the world. And a man," cried I, indignantly, "that can tear a helpless child from an agonizing mother, without one moment's warning not even suffering her to bid her a last farewell, or to press upon her lips a single parting kiss; not even suffering her once more to be pressed to that breaking heart, the heart that cherished her in infancy, twined around her its deep and unfailing love through childhood, and guided with the tenderest care her wayward footsteps, and now that she is gone, perhaps, to worse than the grave, watches, weeps and prays for her return. Oh! Duano des Atra! how can you who pretend to cherish a mother's memory, how can you, oh! how can you tear from a fond mother, her only and darling child? Oh! carry me back to the heart that is bleeding for me; carry me to the bosom that is almost bursting with the intensity of the grief and anxiety at my absence. And oh! Edward! Edward! what must you feel if—" here Duano placed his hand upon my lips, saying, "hush! hush! for heaven's sake, hush, as you will run me mad. I feel for you and your mother, and fain would comfort you both; and if you had suffered the last name you called to have lain in oblivion awhile, perhaps you might have succeeded in winning me; but now the task is hopeless. I see the intensity of your grief, dear Emily, but time will wear away that grief, time with his withering fingers will soon blot out the memory of all these woes. And you, my sweet little girl, will again be the laughing, rosy, sportive child of happiness, that I saw upon the mountain. You shall go with me to America, you shall marry me there, and you shall be happy."

(To be continued)

Louis XIV., who was a slave to his physicians, asked his friend Moliere what he did for his doctor. "Oh, Sire," said he, "when I am ill I send for him. He comes, we have a chat and enjoy ourselves. He prescribes. I don't take it—and I am cured."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

"ARNELLA—I'LL COME!"

Respectfully Inscribed to Miss Maggie Balderston of Baltimore.

BY JAMES S. WATKINS.

Fold her hands over
Her snowy-white breast—
Cover her gently,
And lay her to rest—
Her slumbers are now for the meddlering tomb,
With nought to disturb her rest—wrapt in the gloom
Where death's billows lave:
Her spirit has pass'd
To Abraham's home—
She's calling me now:
"Oh! come, brother, come
Far away to the skies, with the cherubim band,
Where bloom holy arbors, in that happy land
Beyond the dark grave."

Arnella, I'll come!—
I'm wearied of life
With motly burdens
Of sinfulness rife:
Aye—all too dull a load—it surely doth seem
For me to bear out on "Jordan's dark stream."
The righteous have braved:
Hark! what do I hear?
It comes from above—
The song of sweet angels
With praises of love
Down the "rough, thorny road" the chosen have trod
While ascending the pathway to life and to God
Eternally saved!

Arnella—I'll come—
Aye, with thee forever!
In bondage, on earth,
I'll remain—no, never!
For now is "prepared, in the mansions of heaven,"
A home for the righteous"—and to them, is given
"A new heart and tongue"†
Oh! sweet is the thought,
When dull life is past,
With thee, beloved one,
I'll strike hands at last—
Ah! then will my praises, with the angels, arise,
Reechoing afar, through earth and the skies—
In the song they have sung.

*John 14th ch.-2v. †Mark 16th ch.-17v.

BIOGRAPHIC GALLERY.

Being Brief Notices of the Principal Actors in American History

HENRY LAURENS.

Henry Laurens was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in the year 1723. His opportunities for early education were limited, and while yet young he entered the business of a merchant, for which he was particularly fitted by habits of great method and regularity. Prompt and energetic in whatever he undertook, punctual in all his engagements as well as active in the extreme, success seemed certain and wealth sure.

In 1771, Mr Laurens committed to the grave the mortal part of an amiable, intelligent, and beloved wife. In the heavy sorrow of his heart he gave up his business and sailed for Europe, to devote himself to, and find solace in, the education of his sons; one of whom, Colonel John Laurens, distinguished himself in the service of his country, and died on the battle-field at the early age of twenty-six. While in England he took a prominent part in behalf of the colonists, and when it became apparent that a rupture was inevitable, he hastened back to devote himself to the maintenance of the rights of his countrymen at whatever hazard. This exhibition of his patriotism secured for him the confidence of his fellow-citizens who bestowed upon him the honors due to such high and unselfish patriotism.

On the meeting of the Carolina Provincial Congress, Mr. Laurens was elected its president. While in office he drew up a form of association, to be signed by whoever was resolved to abide by the fortunes of their country, and which received a large number of the best names in the colony, denouncing the arbitrary measures of Great Britain, and pledging themselves to use every exertion to prevent their execution.

In 1776, South Carolina adopted its first constitution, and Mr. Laurens was chosen the first delegate from that state to the general Congress, then held at Philadelphia. On the retirement of Hancock from the presidency of that illustrious assembly, he was called to take his place, in 1777, which office he held until 1779.

The year following Mr. Laurens went to Holland, as commissioner to negotiate a loan with that city and a treaty of commerce with the Netherlands. On his voyage out he was captured by a British frigate. Perceiving his fate, he threw his papers overboard; but they were discovered and picked up by the boats of the frigate. He was taken to England, and on examination was deemed to be guilty of high treason, and sent to the Tower of London, on the 9th of October. His confinement was very rigid, and his treatment unnecessarily severe. He was permitted to see no one; paper and ink were denied him, and he suffered from close confinement and bad air. His enemies dared not destroy him, for fear of retaliation; and they were afraid to set him at liberty, lest he should do them great injury. At length his sufferings exciting the highest sympathy for himself and indignation for his keepers, and his health suffering from confinement, the ministry thought it prudent to consent to his release.

While in the Tower, no pains were spared to corrupt the brave Carolinian; but he was immaculate, and their words of threat and promise fell alike on his ear "as the idle wind." His son, now high in the confidence of Congress, was in Paris on a secret mission. It was intimated to the father that his efforts to induce the son to withdraw from France might procure his own release. "Such is the filial regard of my son," was the reply of this stout-hearted patriot, "that I know he would cheerfully lay down his life for me; but no considerations could induce him to relinquish his honor, even were it possible under any circumstances to prevail upon me to make the improper request."

As soon as his release was known at home, he was appointed a commissioner, together with Franklin, Jay and Adams, to negotiate the terms of peace between Great Britain and America. On the ratification of peace he returned to South Carolina, where, declining all public office, he spent the remainder of his days in delightful retirement in the bosom of his family. He expired on the 8th of December, 1792, aged sixty-nine.

His body was burned on the third day from his decease by his son; this being the sole condition in his father's will, on which he should inherit his wealth, amounting to sixty thousand pounds sterling.

The Infidelity of Hume.

How far infidelity, whether of the philosophic or the vulgar type, is sincere, and how far it must be set down to the account of mere pretension,—is an enquiry which only the revelations of the last day can put up at rest. We confess that much of it strikes us as the assumption of the braggart or the subterfuge of the villian; the one, seeking an opiate for a conscience ill at ease, or a snare for simpler souls; the other, courting applause on the score of independence or depth of thought. We have read with the more interest, therefore the following testimony, cited by the Edinburg Review, from the recently published "Autobiography of Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, Minister of Inveresk:"

"I was one of those who never believed that David Hume's sceptical principles had laid fast hold on his mind, but thought that his books proceeded rather from affectation of superiority, and pride of understanding, and love of vain glory. I was confirmed in this opinion, after his death, by what the Hon. Patrick Boyle, one of his most intimate friends, told me many years ago at my house in Musselburgh, where he used to come and dine the first Sunday of every General Assembly, after his brother, Lord Glasgow, ceased to be Lord High Commissioner. When we were talking of David, Mrs. Carlyle asked Mr. Boyle if he thought David Hume was as great an unbeliever as the world took him to be? He answered that the world judged from his books, as they had a right to do; but he thought otherwise, who had known him all his life; and mentioned the following incident, when David and he were both in London. At the period when David's mother died, Mr Boyle, hearing of it, soon after went into his apartment—for they lodged in the same house—when he found him in the deepest affliction and in a flood of tears. After the usual topics of condolence, Mr. Boyle said to him, 'My friend, you owe this uncommon grief to your having thrown off the principles of religion, for if you had not, you would have been consoled by the firm belief that the good lady, who was not only the best of mothers, but the most pious of Christians, was now completely happy in the realms of the just.' To which David replied, 'Though I throw out my speculations to entertain and employ the learned and metaphysical world, yet in other things I do not think so differently from the rest of mankind as you may imagine.' To this my wife was a witness.—This conversation took place the year after David died, when Dr. Hill, who was to preach, had gone to a room to look over his notes."

THE OLD SCHOOL.—The *North Carolina Presbyterian* argues that there is no necessity for a division of the Old School Presbyterian Church in the United and Confederate States. "Her standards are fixed, and upon them all can agree. If they are allowed to remain as they are, and if no changes are proposed, the North and South, the East and West, can act in harmony. Let the preamble-makers and the resolution-mongers keep still, and all will be well."

Remarkable Inscriptions.

It is stated on good authority that two stones were dug out of an ancient mound near Newark, Ohio, last year, on which were found inscriptions in the Hebrew alphabet. The letters are peculiarly formed, not precisely like the square characters introduced in the IIId century, nor precisely like what are called the ancient characters. The inscription on the second stone seems to be a remarkable condensation of the Ten Commandments. They were discovered by Mr. Wyrick, a surveyor, below a skeleton in ground that could not have been disturbed since the burial. The Independent says that "The stones are very hard, shaped with great accuracy, smoothed, and then engraved in such styles of execution that it will be safe to assert that the former could not be copied exactly by any lapidary for less than twenty dollars, and the latter for less than two hundred." Also, that "the second stone was found inclosed in a spheroidal stone box, which had been hollowed out so as exactly to receive it though of a very peculiar form, difficult to match in reverse; and this inclosure must have added considerably to the labor and expense of the whole. The conclusion to which a considerate and unprejudiced mind must be brought by these facts is, that whatever may be the age or origin of these objects, it is morally impossible that either, and the latter especially, should have been made by any person for purpose of deception; and that they must be at least several centuries old."

Origin of the Gypsies.

The Gypsies are not Egyptians, as is commonly supposed, but are of the lowest class of Indians among the estates of Hindostan, commonly called Pariars, or in Hindostan, Sundars. They are found in Persia, Turkey, Russia, Hungary, and most of the continental nations, amounting to more than seven hundred thousand; they all speak one language, differing only in a slight degree from each other, as the provincial accents of a kingdom may differ, and this language is nearly the same—the Hindostance. The emigration of this people from their own country is attributed to the war of Timour Beg, (1408,) at which period their arrival in Europe is confirmed by historical authorities. So cruel was the conqueror, that one hundred thousand, who surrendered as slaves, were put to death; in consequence of which, a universal panic seized the inhabitants, and they fled in all directions, the Sundars gradually finding their way into Europe. The features of the Gypsies plainly showed their eastern origin; but they had so well contrived to dupe the European inhabitants that, till the advancement of Oriental literature, their country could never be clearly traced. In England, where they arrived in the time of Henry VIII., they met the taste of the vulgar by pretended skill in astrology, and the art of palmistry, bringing with them their native tricks of jugling. That the Gypsies are of the race mentioned, can scarcely be doubted, when we put all the reasons together for establishing the theory. The date of the scattering of the Indian tribes by Timour Beg agrees with that of their emigration to Europe; their language accords with that of Hindostance; their persons strongly resemble the people of that country—so much so, that the troops of Hindostan struck the British officers with surprise when they joined their armies, as so nearly resembling these people; and their customs and mode of life in every respect are perfectly in accordance with those of the Sundars; both are filthy and disgusting in their habits; both are given to steal; both dislike to communicate their language to strangers; they are remarkably fond of horses; they prefer food killed by disease; they have similar dances; they are alike wanderers, and are averse to civilized life; they equally dislike agricultural pursuits, and practice music, or travel about with their tinker's tools, ready to work at every door; their marriage customs are similar. The belief that the Gypsies were Egyptians arose from the report circulated by the first of them, that they were pilgrims from Egypt. The Gypsies have no particular religion, all professedly conforming to that of the countries where they dwell, but being, for the most part, destitute of faith.

The Toilet of Beauty:

Without whose aid no lady can be dressed with propriety and gracefulness.

Otto of Rose, warranted to retain its fragrance in all climates—Virtue.

Beautifying Lotions—Tenderness and constancy.

Best Lip-salve—Smile of benevolence.

Elixir to preserve Memory—Gratitude.

Cream of Sweet Almonds—Kindness and good nature.

Sal Volatile—Wit.

Cold Cream—Prudence.

Pomade—Divine Contentment.

Essence of Jessamine, apt to evaporate, therefore to be kept cool—Friendship.

A Lotion to prevent Wrinkles—Cheerfulness.

Best Coat of Sticking Plaster—Faithfulness.

Simple Anodynes—Patience and industry.

Best Patent Pins—Repartee.

Fine White Paint—Innocence.

Wash-ball for preserving white hands—Purity.

Dye for Eyebrows—Contemplation.

Best Rogue—Modesty.

Crystal Vase—Truth.

A Mirror—Reflection.

Fine Eye-Water—Sensibility.

Essence of Roses, Poison to be used with caution—Love.

An excellent Bloom to preserve the Complexion—Early rising.

Drops to remove all Stains—Honor and rectitude.

Essence of Voilet—Humility.

Drops to prevent Ennui—Employment.

Baume de Vie—Religion.

The Study of the Sky.

A large part of the public are not aware of the extensive discoveries in astronomical science made during the past year; including no less than four new asteroids and four new comets. The asteroids were all detected within a single week in September—two at Paris, a third at Berlin, and the other at Washington. The entire number of known asteroids is now sixty-two, of which four were discovered by American astronomers. Of the comets the first was discovered in Brazil, the second in Hamburg, the third at Cambridge, and the fourth at Marseilles. Not a year has passed since 1847 without the discovery of some new planetary body.—*Independent.*

Respect for Age.

A very pleasing characteristic of the population of France is their extraordinary respect for age. It has been called the paradise of grandmothers. There are few able to provide for their own support who would not consider the asking of public relief for their superannuated or helpless parents an indelible disgrace.

CHARACTER IS POWER.—It is often said that knowledge is power—and this is true. Skill or faculty of any kind carries with it superiority. So, to a certain extent, wealth is power, and rank is power, and intellect is power, and genius has a transcendent gift of mastery over man. But higher, purer, and better than all, more constant in its influence, more lasting in its sway, is the power of character—that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind. Take any community, who is the man of most influence? To whom do all look up with reverence? Not the smartest man, nor the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but he who in a long course of years, tried by the extremes of prosperity and adversity, has approved himself to the judgement of his neighbors and of all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called *wise* and *good*.

THE MILITARY EXPENDITURES OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—The total expenditures of South Carolina, the Governor states, upon the authority of the State Treasurer, has been $640,317, including the cost of munitions and ordnance of all kinds. The expense incurred by the State, since the date of her secession, will be assumed, he takes it for granted, by the Confederate States, as they were incurred in defence of a common cause, and particularly as the Confederate Government expressly assumed jurisdiction of all questions between us and any other governments relating to defences and military operations.

FROM PENSACOLA.—Gen. Bragg has issued the following order at Pensacola:

The Commanding General learns with surprise and regret that some of our citizens are engaged in the business of furnishing supplies and fuel, water and provisions to the armed vessels of the United States, now occupying a threatening position off this harbor. That no misunderstanding may exist on this subject, it is announced to all concerned that this traffic is strictly forbidden, and all such supplies which may be captured in transit to said vessels or to Fort Pickens will be confiscated. The more effectually to enforce this prohibition, no boat or vessels will be allowed to visit Fort Pickens or any United States naval vessel without special sanction. Col. John H. Forney, Acting Inspector General will organize efficient harbor police for the enforcement of this order.—By command of

Brig. Gen BRAXTON BRAGG,
Robert C. Wood, Ass't Adj't General.

HARD TIMES IN TEXAS.—Bishop Andrew, in a letter published in the S. C. *Advocate*, says,

"A letter received to day from a Presiding Elder in the East Texas Conference, tells me, that in some portions of his District such is the state of matters, that he learns some families have been compelled to substitute acorns for bread."

A Boulevard Romance.

Recent Parisian papers tell a very nice little story about two lovers who were so foolish as to suppose that the grand passion could be proportioned to the almighty dollar, and got up a sort of gaiete tragedy when they found that a purse was altogether too small to hold half their affection. The hero of the romance was a gallant young corporal of the sixth regiment, named Rouard, who never thought of having a *chere amie* until he was recently endowed with the bounty due him at the expiration of his term of service. No sooner did the glittering Napoleons jingle in his purse than he suddenly made up his mind to see the Parisian elephant in a manner becoming a soldier and a gentleman; and, in order to enjoy the animal to its full extent, of course he must have a feminine associate. Casting about him for a suitable dulcinae, he soon found a pretty little *ouvriere*, named Denise Herbin, whom he proposed to marry. Before consummating the bargain, however, he stipulated, that he should be at perfect liberty again as soon as his money was gone. Not caring to retain a husband without cash, Denise agreed to this most enthusiastically, and the accommodating pair were married forthwith. They had soon installed themselves in comfortable quarters, Denise furnishes herself with all the fashionable follies of the day, and the corporal's money commenced to flow in earnest.

After breakfast, each morning, they would sally forth gaily to see the shops, visit the picture galleries, take cozy drives to the suburbs, and enjoy rare dinners and suppers at the cafés. In fact they had a jolly time of it; but presently the husband's purse began to show bottom, and finally it was quite empty. This brought Rouard to his senses, and he became conscious that his engagement of Denise was at an end; but, in spite of his determination, he had actually fallen in love with her, and how to give her up he knew not. Denise, too, had conceived a prodigious attachment for her chevalier, and would sooner die than leave him. Rouard, however, was a man of honor, according to the French standard, and summoned up enough determination to tell his wife that they must part; that her beauty and amiability would soon gain another husband for her, and that he would remove all obstacles in the way of a second marriage by slaying himself. Denise listened to his argument patiently, and then deliberately declared that she would die with him. Entreaties were in vain; they must die together, and the sooner the better. Accordingly, one evening last month, they took possession of a cabinet at a celebrated restaurant, ordered a fine supper, ate it with intense relish, and then left the world together. With his sword Rouard first stabbed Denise to the heart, and then performed a similar operation on himself. The servants found them dead, locked in each other's arms, and weltering in blood.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE FAY OF MOSS-BRAKE DELL.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

Have you seen the little Fay
That lives in moss brake dell
Down beside the rushing river
Down beside the grave old river,
Down beside the talking river
That wanders through the fell:
Seen her in the even-tide,
When the shadows dim and wide
Stretched their hands on every side
At the close of day.

Have you seen this little maiden,
Or mayhaps she is a fay,
When burns the crimson sunset,
When burns the golden sunset,
And the amber clouds of sunset
Veil the shining face of day,
Seen her gather flowers at even,
Flowers that the All-Wise has given
Out through the pearly gates of Heaven
To remind us of fair Arden.

Mayhaps you may have seen this maiden,
This starry-eyed little fay,
When the crystal dew of morning
When the silver dew of morning
When the pearly dew of morning
On the greensward lay:
Seen her in these early hours
Walking in the garden bowers
Caring for the bright-hued flowers
Like a fay from Arden.

LITERARY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Story of My Life.

Taken from the fragments of a manuscript found in the portfolio of a madman.

BY SMITH RHYDNER.

I tread upon the clouds. Spirits of the air are ever hovering over me and sweeping from my pathway the malignant influences that strive to gain possession of my soul. That soul was late of earth; 'twas but yesterday, in the soft gleaming that it fled to this cloud home. 'Tis being unladen now of the sin weights, and cleansed of the world stains that freighted and darkly colored it while dwelling with the sons of men. The spirits which protect me are ever looking upwards and pointing to golden realms of peace, to which I know full well wings of amazing swiftness will soon carry me, to greet the immortal One surrounded by the choirs of eternity. At times there is a strange wildness within my brain that dims the memory of the past, and a throbbing tumult that drowns the soft strains of heavenly music ever wafted from the halls of the blessed.—Then a darkness films my eye, and strange forms crowd the air, filling it with the noise of their flapping wings, and shrieking ever, mad! mad! mad!

I lived on an island in the sea; my father left me there when a babe. He bade the elements protect me. The Wind was my half-brother. He directed my youthful steps to the pebbled shore; first taught me to look out upon the boundless expanse of heaving waves; pointed out the foam crests glistening in the sunshine; told me of his own wild home in the far off caverns of the hills; spoke to me in the subdued tones of his own strange tongue; and then for my pass-time would rush headlong on some towering surge far out upon the deep and return depositing numberless sea shells at my feet. At his bidding the fishes learned me their language, and from them I heard of the secrets and terrors of the sea. Thus passed my childhood.

One dark day when the waters were raging fiercely, and the air was thick with evil spirits riding through the mist, the Wind came rushing over the waves, came to my side, caught me to his bosom, told me the arch-spirit of his race had called him hence, he must return to his own wild home, he could direct my youthful steps no longer—no more could explain the mystery of the foam, no more could bid the ocean-billow bear his shells to my feet; but whenever destiny should darkly lower above he would be near to blow each cloud from over me. There was, he said, on earth, a maiden as beautiful as the sunshine, with long, flowing ringlets like the ocean spray, with eyes as sparkling as the gem which lighteus the caverns of the deep—she was destined for me, I would love her, I must see her. Then the Wind, my brother, flew sorrowing over the dark, roaring sea.

A change was wrought within my soul, before I had loved the blue ocean, and in his calm moods would lend my ear for hours to his mysterious whisperings, would throw myself upon his kind breast and stroke his moist brow, but now 'twas not so, I feared the sea, and fled from his imagined wrath.

I sought the interior of my island, there on soft beds of roses and hyacinths I tried to lose, in slumber, the sense of loneliness which possessed me. The spirit of my absent brother seemed to wait the music of distant spheres to still my restlessness, while the incense of each flowery altar strove to steep me in its soothing influence. But ever her image of whom my strange brother had spoken to me was present to my gaze. I met her in my dreams, and would cease to know I was alone until the roar of the distant sea would rouse me from my apathy.

Thus passed my youth in dreams of that fair being who, in days to come, should share my dreariness, and to whose voice I would listen as the angels listen to the singing of the stars. I remember well a dream that held possession of my soul one night when the far off ocean slept and the air had sent her sprites to gather dew for the morning flowers. Solitude, she to whose protecting care and guidance the absent Wind had entrusted me, watched over my slumbers, I felt no ill could befall me while she was near. I dreamed that the ocean and I were friends again; I dreamed that she I loved, and I was borne over its dark waves at joyous speed. Above, beneath us was one dark, blue expanse. We would hold out our hands and catching the spray weave it into garlands and crown each other. At length the mermen sped with our barks to the coral caves of the sea; there we were seated on crystal thrones, and surrounded by the green-tressed maids of the deep. We had at our command the powers and the monsters which held their court below. We bade all mysteries fall, and worshiping at our shrines, unwind their folds. After all things were shown us, a sense of unsatisfaction filled my brain; that which I had seen did not allay the insatiable longing within, a longing which from my childhood to the present day has never been satisfied. I yearned to meet a kindred spirit; I cared not whether she should be mortal or a mere phantom form, so there burned a soul within which might unite with mine. And then methought that the fair being by my side was she for whom I sought. I looked, and by the gaze she fixed on me, I knew my thoughts were real: I knew she loved me, and at once I felt our spirits blend in a heavenly assimilation. There, at the bottom of the sea, where never mortal had trod before, I poured forth into her listening ears the words of love, but what need was there, our souls were one, and so subdued by the soft murmer of the waters above we were lost to all save our united existence.

I awoke. The Wind was bending over me, his fingers playing upon my brow.—He knew I had dreamed. He saw by the smile of rapture which flitted across my face that I had met in the dim land the maiden I was to love. He caught me in his strong arms—sorrowfully I bade adieu to Solitude, she who had been my soul companion when the Wind was not near; on the arms of my brother I was borne over the sea. Many monsters greeted us, but all forbore obstructing our course; all bowed in homage. Terror riding astride a black cloud came dashing on, spreading misery and fright around, but at the light of us his awful face fell upon his breast, and we flew harmlessly by. As we neared the shore, sea-birds met us, but they hushed their clattering cries and fled before the face of the Wind. My brother met many of his race—the sweeping Gale and the soothing Zephyr, they spoke in an unknown tongue, oftentimes more terrible, sometimes more melodious than that of the Wind; I knew not what they said. We passed on.

I was in the midst of a great city. I searched for the fair being of whom I had dreamed. 'Twas strange to see so many mortals. They had a cold, unmeaning stare that froze my very blood. I hurried on, I knew not whither. I met no friendly gaze. I saw none who seemed to be agitated by the same emotions as those which ministered to my happiness. All were selfishly rushing on, on. Thus I wandered from clime to clime ever seeking, never finding the maiden of my hopes. In a bright spot where the birds warbled songs of enchanting melody, and modest flowers were wooed by their favorite breezes; when my brain was filled with strange, unearthly thoughts and yearnings unutterable, there passed before me a tall, dark-eyed beauty; methought the Wind whistling by whispered in my ear, behold thy love, but the tall fair stayed not her step, and I knew by the unsympathizing light which beamed in her eye, that she could not be the one whose soul should mingle with mine.

Years sped by. Smiling beauty sought to turn me from my wandering course—sought to convert the melancholy of my spirit into gladness and content. But what reeked I of time or beauty. The vulture of despair prayed upon my vitals. Vainly I called upon the powers of death to take me to their dark embrace.

There came a change upon the face of things. I was like one in some wild dream. I was upon the River of Life—my boat had sailed half-way down its sombre waters. The midnight moon seemed to woo me to visit her silvery shores. Upon the rays of light angels glided to and from me, bearing cups filled with waters from the sky to cool my brow, and stringed instruments of melody to calm my grief. I looked and by my side floated another bark bathed and protected by the same softening influence as that which watched over me. A maiden was at the helm; her eyes were fixed far down the river upon a boat floating through the gloom. Methought I saw a tall form veiled in mist turn and beckon to the maiden; she raised her white arm in the air and motioned the form to furl his sail; then with intensest gaze I watched the man essay to check the speed of his hurrying bark—but ah, the sail was fixed, no mortal might could bring it down. On, on he was swept by the resistless current. We, the voyagers of this stream possessed no power to stay our course, it was ours only to guide the helm. I turned and spoke to the lonely maiden, but she heeded not my voice. I knew by the celestial beauty which clothed her brow and the deep light which lived in her eye that she was the one the Wind had promised me. Then there came upon me a dark fear—an agony of doubt and dread. A cloud of blackness shut out the guiding light and blocked up the pathway of those who had blest me with their presence. A dreadening sense of disappointment filled my brain. Clouds weighed down with fate hung above my unprotected head—vainly my brother from his awful nostrils blew towards them an unavailing wrath.—Giants from the abyss of woe lent their support to the uplifted load of doom. Again I asked the maiden would she turn and listen to my words, but still her eyes were fixed on the distant bark. In vain did I go over the story of my love; in vain tell her of my wanderings, my youthful dreams, my manhood hopes. My brother, the Wind, was near and lent me words of enticing eloquence, but they were of no avail. The days passed on; still our barks rode side by side, and would till the angel of the deep should receive one or both into his own dark domain. Never did the maiden turn her gaze from the misty sail, or listen to the outpourings of my love.

I was looking upon her star-like beauty one day, when suddenly a shade of despair settled upon her face; with a startled cry she pointed down the stream. I looked, and where before the sail that bore her love had floated on in safety there now was nought save an unbroken gloom—the boat had sunk beneath the waters of the River of Life. With a wild cry the maiden leaped from her boat, I strove to save her in my arms, but the Wind held me fast; in unutterable agony I wrenched myself from his grasp and feign would have sought the embrace of the dark flood, but unseen spirits bore me up.

There came a thick darkness upon my soul. For days my bark was hurried on at the sport of the current with no hand to guide the helm. Suddenly there burst a new light in upon my clouded brain, and angels from on high bore me far away to these cloud halls. While we were flying through the air a beautiful spirit, robed in white, breathed into my ear a song of heavenly comfort. The burden of her lay was that the joys of earth were as short lived as the morning dew, and all her hopes but shadowy phantoms to allure awhile and then fade away. There was, she sang, a Throne above to which the disembodied essences of the just would wing their way and joining the throngs of the blessed, live eternity through in drinking in the words of infinite love that should issue from the fountain of the Throne.

APPROPRIATION.—The county court of New Hanover, N. C., last week appropriated six thousand dollars to build an armory at Wilmington, provided the town authorities will give a lot to build it on.

Why should lawyers be classed as members of the feminine gender? Because they are fee-males.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, LETTERS AND LITERARY REMAINS OF MRS. PIOZZI (THRALE) Edited with Notes and an Introductory Account of her Life and Writings. By A. Haywood. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A charming volume, one of the most delightful yet issued from the notable press whose imprint it bears. Like the Autobiography of Dr. Carlyle it brings before us the actual life of past celebrities and gives us the events of another century in the words of the chief actors. It is well for the reputation of the brilliant lady made celebrated in that circle in which Dr. Johnson moved that this record has been preserved to the world. No one can read it without feeling a new interest not only in the lady herself, but in the glorious circle in which she and Dr. Johnson played their parts. It is rich in new anecdotes and reminiscences, and should be read carefully by all readers of Boswell's famous Life. This is the third work of this especial class published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields within a few months, all uniform in size, style, and appearance. The others are the Autobiography of Dr. Carlyle, and the Autobiographical Recollections of Leslie. The three are noble volumes and should be placed side by side in the most honored position in every library.

TWELVE SERMONS DELIVERED AT ANTIOCH COLLEGE. By the late Horace Mann. 1 vol., 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Horace Mann was the head and soul of the distinguished institution named in the title over which he presided. The young men committed to his charge listened to his teachings with a more than usual earnestness and affection, and the Sermons here printed are precisely as they were written and delivered by the author. Probably no man, not an ordained minister, ever compared with Mr. Mann in those vital principles of Christian example and education which conduce to a successful ministration of the Word of Life, while many in the Pulpit might take valuable lessons from him. The Twelve Sermons treat of the Being, Character, Law and Goodness of God, The Prodigal Son, Temptation, Retribution, Immortality, The Kingdom of Heaven, etc. A more intrinsically valuable book has not been published this year. In it are combined Religion, Thought and Culture.

THE CRATER, OR VULCAN'S PEAK. A Tale of the Pacific. By J. Fenimore Cooper. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

This is the twenty-seventh monthly volume in the splendid uniform series of Cooper's Novels with Darley's Illustrations now issuing from this press. There has never been issued in this country or in England a series of books which has received such unqualified praise as this, or which has as well maintained the high standard of mechanical excellence adopted in the initial volumes. In fact this whole edition of the great American novelist is the most satisfying to the reader and buyer of any series of books ever issued from an American press. If any of our readers wish to see a beautiful book, let him enclose a dollar and a half to the publishers as above, and order his favorite Cooper, whichever it may be, and our word for it he will do without dinner every day, but he will save enough money to possess himself of the whole of the series.

THE ALCHEMIST. Translated from the French of Balzac. By F. B. Goodrich, and O. W. Wight. New York Rudd & Carleton.

Doubtless many of our readers are aware that Messrs. Rudd & Carleton are issuing in very handsome duodecemo volumes the first English translation of the greatest of all French writers. While Dumas, and Sue, and others whose effusions are exceedingly questionable have been familiarized to American readers the great glory of French literature has until now been withheld from us. The present volume, the third of the series, is a powerful work, skilfully elaborated. The volumes are not numbered, and may be had separately.—Each complete in itself.

SOLOMON'S SONG. Translated and Explained, by Leonard Withington, Boston; J. E. Filton, & Co.

This excellent volume has been sometime announced for publication, and its appearance now will be welcomed not only by religious circles, for whom it is more especially prepared, but by all who love diversified learning, quaint wit, and shrewd insight, in whatever garb they are presented. These qualities though predominant in this delightful volume, are held strictly subservient to the higher purpose of spiritual instruction, thus illustrating the marked reference made to the author in an old poem which speaks of Dr. Withington as uniting "wit of South and the Syrian's golden mouth," at the same time paying him the noble tribute that with all his wit he is "always found keeping truth abreast." The quaint and racy style of the author will especially delight all those who like ourselves revel in the unique conceptions of Warwick, Fuller, and Philip Quarle.

VERACITY.—The ground-work of all manly character is veracity. That virtue lies at the foundation of everything solid. How common it is to hear parents say: "I have faith in my child, so long as he speaks the truth. He may have many faults, but I know he will not deceive me. I build on that confidence." They are right. It is a lawful and just ground to build upon. And that is a beautiful confidence. Whatever errors temptation may betray a child into, so long as brave, open truth remains, there is something to depend on, there is anchor-ground, there is substance at the center. Men of the world feel so about one another. They can be tolerant and forbearing so long as their erring brother is true. It is the fundamental virtue. Ordinary commerce can hardly proceed a step without a good measure of it. If we cannot believe what others say to us, we cannot act upon it; and, to an immense extent, that is saying that we cannot act at all. Truth is a common interest. When we defend it, we defend the basis of all social order. When we vindicate it, we vindicate our own foothold. When we plead for it, it is like pleading for the air of health we breathe. When you undertake to benefit a lying man, it is like putting your foot into the mire.—*C. F. Huntington.*

How true it is that many a man's fortune, like a ship, has been built on the "stocks."

HARD TIMES

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NOTICE.—All persons having Accounts with me, or with COLE & AMIS, are requested to come and settle the same, as my books must be closed. B. L. COLE.

Mr. C. W. Woollen, or W. H. Faucett is authorized to make settlements in my absence. B. L. C.

Jan. 19—tf.

THE TIMES.



GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday.....April 13, 1861

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, } Editors and Proprietors.

Terms.

THE TIMES is published weekly in Greensboro, N. C., at $2 a year, in advance. No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, and the paper will be discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for

Notice to Subscribers.

Subscribers receiving their paper with a crossmark are notified thereby that their subscription has expired, and, unless renewed within four weeks, the paper will be discontinued.

To Advertisers.

THE TIMES is a good medium for advertising. None but elect advertisements will be admitted. The following is our regular schedule of prices:

One insertion of ten lines	$1 00
Three squares of ten lines, one insertion	2 00
One quarter column do	3 00
One half column do	5 00
One column do	8 00
One square one month	2 00
Two squares do	3 00
Three do do	4 00
One quarter column one month	6 00
One half column do	10 00
One column do	15 00
One square one year	15 00
One quarter column one year	50 00
One half column do	80 00
One column do	150 00

The Danville Connection.

For many years this whole county has clamored for a charter to build a Railroad from Greensboro to Danville, Virginia, connecting the North Carolina Railroad with the Richmond & Danville Railroad, and forming a direct line of travel North and South. By building this connection, a gap of only fifty miles, there would be almost an air line route, instead of the immense elbow line, heretofore traveled, saving more than fifty miles in distance.

Though repeated efforts have been made at successive legislatures to obtain a charter for this connection, the friends of the enterprise never succeeded until at the late session of the Legislature. They now have a charter offered them, and should at once take measures to secure it. To secure the charter it is only necessary to raise in subscriptions, no payment necessary, one hundred thousand dollars. Will the friends of the road do this?

We know the distracted state of the country acts as a very great damper upon the public spirit and energy of the people; yet, however destructive and devastating a civil war may be, which now appears so imminent, it should not be an excuse for an entire relaxation from all works of improvement. We should not fold our hands in case, simply upon the probability of the destruction of the labor of our hands by the devastating scourge of war; or the fearful forebodings that we shall, every man of us, be horribly butchered. We are thankful that to a very great extent war is a stranger to our country, yet we very often read about it in foreign countries, and in every instance there have been some left to tell the tale and to inhabit and repeople the country. We, middle-aged men, may be killed, but before we die, we can build this road and leave it as a legacy to our children, who will survive and love the land we died to defend.

Now we believe this to be a most favorable time to build the road. The tobacco market has been totally destroyed. Our farmers should raise no more tobacco for the next two years, and they will be able to sell the crop now on hand, for as much money as two crops would bring. If they raise a crop this year, it will bring them no more money than the present crop would bring without it. Hence, instead of wasting your time and labor in raising tobacco, take your hands, from the tobacco fields and the manufactories, and build this railroad, and the stock will be to you nearly so much clear gain. Move the ball!

If all men knew what they say of one-another, there would not be four friends in the world. This appears by the quarrels which are sometimes caused by indiscreet reports.

A Private Letter.

The letter below was received a few days since, from an old patron in lower Alabama, and we print it for the facts it states and for the *tone*, or *spirit* in which it is written. No one can say the writer is not a secessionist, and yet he uses no abusive language against those who differ with him. Confident in the correctness of his position, he is satisfied that the Old North State will yet secede—it is only a matter of time. Perhaps he is right about it, and the old North State may yet secede; it is not at all improbable. But whether she will, or whether she will not, we are glad our correspondent is so generous as to believe she is *honest*, and that she will act as she honestly believes it best for her. We commend, most heartily, this spirit to our readers. Be sure you are right; act according to your own convictions; but abuse no one because he differs with you. —whether he be secession, or union, he is as much entitled to his opinions as you are to yours. Live as citizens of one country with a common destiny.

"I will state a few facts for you and your friends' edification, as I perceive you are very tender footed on the secession movement, it is expected that the editors will always give the people good advice; taking all the circumstances in to consideration, weighing them well, they will then state their conclusions.

I live on the great northern and southern stage line, 12 miles from the Alabama river and receive the daily papers from Mobile in 24 hours after they are struck off, therefore have a very good opportunity to learn something of public sentiment and feeling.

Not one man have I heard say, he desired the Union reconstructed, one only have I heard say he was willing to return to his allegiance to the old government under any consideration, and that was if it would adopt our constitution. The people are perfectly satisfied, all parties, with Jeff. Davis and Alex. Stephens and the congress, and ready to fight to the death if coercion is attempted; the confederacy can never be forced back into the Union, there is a silent, deep, resolute determined resolution, engraven in every man's features; there is no fear, but a regret that they have to resort to the sword. 160 men from this county have volunteered, tendered their services to President Davis, been received and are now in St. Morgan.

And I do not think I exaggerate when I say 10 of every 11 between the ages of 15 and 65 would march to the seat of war immediately if hostilities were to commence, and willingly.

The old North State did not even call a convention; she will have to secede or become a tributary of the Black Republicans, she will secede, it is only a matter of time: probably the dilatoriness of the border states will prevent civil war, and it is all for the best; but I should have preferred her immediate secession.

Spring is a little backward, yet the oak leaves are almost grown and farmers done planting corn; not more than half the cotton will be planted this year in this county that was last year.

Many persons who have seen and read your paper here, are highly pleased with it and think it should take the place of these fanatical novels circulated weekly through the south; but they think the word Union has too much charm for you and your sympathies are with the north, we all know the Union is a dead letter.

My opinion is with proper exertions on your part in getting subscribers, your paper will have a large circulation in the South."

The Southern Constitution.

Six of the seven seceding States have now ratified that instrument, in the following order:

State.	Time.	Vote. Yeas.	Nays.
Alabama	March 13, 1861	87	5
Georgia	March 16, 1861	95	5
Louisiana	March 21, 1861	101	7
Mississippi	March 30, 1861	78	7
Texas	March 26, 1861	48	2
South Carolina	April 3, 1861	—	—

The Vote of South Carolina is not given, as the injunction of secresy has not been removed. The *Mercury* says it was rumored that there were about twenty-votes against it owing to the clause admitting non-slaveholding States.

No less than 1,600 steamboats run upon the Mississippi river and its tributaries.—The total value of these is estimated at $60,000,000.

Charles Dickens.

No writer of fiction has ever exhibited such intimate knowledge of human nature as Dickens. Scott, Fielding, and others represented man in particular phases, but the author of Pickwick seems illimitable in his intelligence as to the secret springs of action, and no other has ever analyzed the motives and desires of humanity with equal precision. His novels will live for ages; and it is to the glory of the distinguished author that they are among the purest and safest vehicles of amusement and information ever drawn up for the reader. With Dickens the form of fiction is merely a covering for moral and philanthropic instruction. They prove him to be an earnest and effective reformer of abuses, a friend of the poor, a diffuser of democratic principles, and a fosterer of every manly virtue and elevating sentiment. The high position which they have attained in English literature is thus beautifully reflected in their sound character and wholesome influence. It is no wonder that they assert a place in every well-appointed library, and that they command a perusal and study deeper and more wide spread than any contemporary fiction.

Until now American readers have never had an edition of the writings of Boz worthy their attention. Poor type, worn out plates, and indifferent binding have been the characteristics of even the best editions, the main object of the publishers being to make as much as possible out of the popular demand. But now, as Leigh Hunt, this is all to have a change. In neat portable volumes, printed from new and beautiful type, upon delicate rosetinted paper, Messrs. W. A. Townsend & Co., of New York, have begun the publication of these masterly works in a style of cost and beauty that will even vie with their rich and famous edition of Cooper's Works with Darley's Illustrations. The first issue is the famous Pickwick Papers, in four volumes, with new illustrations on steel from designs by Darley and Gilbert, beyond all comparison the most elegant, cheap, and convenient edition of "Pickwick" ever published.

We have always considered the Pickwick Papers the best of Dickens' Works. Samivel Veller still remains his most original character; no page of pathos from his pen excels the death-bed scene of the Chancery prisoner; in humor, the trial scene of Burdell vs. Pickwick, has never been surpassed; and in the Pickwickians, from the Deputy Saw Bones up, we have a crowd of oddities such as can be found nowhere else in any language. Who can ever forget Pickwick's attempt to drive, and Winkle's essay on horseback; or Pickwick's first slide on the ice; or the military review; or the gunning expedition? and the thousand other laughter-moving scenes of which this marvellous book is made.

We envy him or her who has yet to make the acquaintance of Pickwick, and especially now when it can be done through this exquisite edition with the inimitable illustrations of Darley to give effect to its humor. Let no one in future read any other, and so encourage that enterprise which would give us good editions of good books regardless of cost. Oliver Twist, the second book of the series, in two volumes, is published this week, in the same exquisite style as the Pickwick Papers.

H.

From Hayti.

The attempt of Spain to seize St. Domingo excites the liveliest interest in Hayti. A grandiloquent proclamation had been issued by the Dominicans calling upon the people to resist the pretensions of Spain, declaring that Santana, since his elevation to power, has sold the republic, and that nothing but a prompt revolution will save the country. Here is an extract from the proclamation:

"Dominicans! to arms! let each citizen be a soldier of liberty, and to the cry of 'Viva la Nation!' the tyrant will be forever annihilated. Let the fire of patriotism burn in our hearts as the tropical sun vivifies our existence. Dominicans! to arms! shame to those who dally in the rear! In this great day of our country there are but two classes—those who are good citizens and those who are traitors! Dominicans! to arms! we must conquer or die; for death is preferable to degradation, and if we remain impassible we can no longer pretend to the dignity of freemen. Dominicans! to arms! Let us arise on the same day and at the same moment, as a single man. No mercy to traitors. We must conquer at any price! Let not reverses discourage us. If we triumph not in the cities and palaces, we will triumph in the villages, in the suburbs, in the plains, in the forests. We should make a fight of giants which will astonish the world, and make the earth tremble under our feet. Dominicans! victory of death, before the fall of the republic. Let us pray to Providence that before this beloved land of Columbus be dishonored, it may be engulphed in the ocean. Dominicans! to arms! to combat! to victory! Let us wear the crown of heroes before we clasp the martyr's palm."

The General of the armies of the Republicans, Jose Marie Cabral, also issued an appeal to the people. The Kingston papers have published a protest of the ex-Emperor Soulouque, which excites much mirth it Hayti.

Dean Milman.

In the foremost rank among modern writers of Church History stands the distinguished Dean of St. Pauls, Henry Hart Milman, D D. His writings embrace numerous volumes in the various departments of poetry, the drama, classics, art, and profane and sacred history. Of late years his studies have aimed in one direction, the result of which is now before the world in that noble monument to Christian genius, industry, and investigation, *The History of Latin Christianity, Including That of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.* The former volumes of this splendid work have been referred to in these columns, as published by Messrs. Sheldon & Co., New York, from the incomparable press of Houghton, Cambridge, and the sixth volume is now added to the others in the same faultlessly beautiful style. It is a proud triumph of American intelligence and literary appreciation when works of this high character, brought out in all that perfection attained by modern art and skill by a lavish expenditure of money, are made remunerative to the publishers. This individual work is one of the most important and interesting ever given to the world. Not only the Christian student, but readers of every class must be charmed by its brilliant style, flowing rhetoric, vast research, and rapid movement, even as the rise, progress, and triumph of Christianity in the early centuries constitute the great epoch in the history of the world. Two more volumes will complete the work, and as it is furnished to readers in easy instalments, if so desired, we commend it to every lover of literature in the land.

H.

The Richmond Whig.

We have recently seen it stated, we believe on good authority, that the Richmond Whig is about to pass or has already passed under a new editorial conduct, and will become a secession journal. One of our city contemporaries, in referring to the rumor, states that steps have been already taken to fill the vacancy created by the alleged defection of the Whig from the Union cause. It says:

"The Unionists of the Legislature and Convention have promptly raised $20,000 to start a new Union journal there, with Mr. Ridgway at its head; and before the end of the week will doubtless have raised $10,000 more for it, (the sum required to give it a fair start,) and will also have secured it a subscription list paying $20,000 per annum. Subscriptions were made to it in Alexandria alone yesterday to the extent of $80; for the next year."

(We learn that the stockholders of the Whig establishment have been secessionists from the first, and Mr. Ridgway has, therefore, felt unwilling to reflect, as editor, views not in keeping with theirs.—Mr. Ridgway has been to New York to outfit the new establishment.)

Northern Elections.

In the last Congress Connecticut and Rhode Island were represented by six Black Republicans. The elections last week have made a great change. Instead of *six* the Republicans are to have *two* Representatives in the next Congress; while the Opposition without a Representative in the last Congress, are to have *four* in the next.

Besides these happy results in Connecticut and Rhode Island, local elections in various parts of the North look well.—The Journal of Commerce says that the "Western elections are surprisingly anti-Republican, and show a remarkable change in the vote since last fall. Cincinnati then gave its vote for Lincoln. Now the average majority is four thousand. Cleveland, Sandusky, Columbus and Toledo, now Democratic, gave their votes for Lincoln, if we mistake not.

Besides the election in St. Louis, Kansas city, and Jefferson city, those in Michigan have chiefly resulted favorably to the Democrats."

Maj. Holmes Resigns.

The New York papers contain, among other items, references to the resignation of Major Holmes who was the commander-in-chief of the United States military forces at that station, and general superintendent of the recruiting business. His resignation was sent to Washington on Friday, to take effect on Monday. Major H., in conversation, assigned as a reason for his resignation that he did not choose to continue drilling men to cut the throats of his friends at the South; still, he says he has the interests of the whole country at heart. The announcement of his resignation caused much confusion in the garrison.

Maj. Holmes is a native of North Carolina.

Military Movements.

The active movements in Military and Naval circles, the latter part of last week in New York, were an occasion seized by the sensationists for flooding the country with immense and immediate war-reports. Whether there be truth in these reports or not, of course it is impossible to tell, as all the vessels put to sea under sealed orders, to be opened only when out at sea. But it is not generally believed, even in those places most likely to be attacked should their intent be war. Some reports say they are for reenforcing the forts; some for the frontier service of Texas; some as an offset to the French and English fleets in the Gulf. A few days will determine.

Virginia Convention

The Virginia State Convention is gradually working its way towards a conclusion. The report of the committee, which has been the regular business for so long a time, is being disposed of, having arrived on Tuesday, to the twelfth proposition. The resolutions as passed are approximating towards secession. The 8th, resolution, passed last week, recognised the right of a state to secede. On Tuesday Mr. Wise offered the following as a substitute for the tenth, which was passed:

10. The people of Virginia hereby declare their consent to the recognition of the separate independence of the seceded States; that they shall be treated with as independent powers; and that the proper laws shall be passed to effectuate their separation.

The Dispatch says "the eleventh resolution then came up, and the extreme Union party made a strong opposition to the declaration embodied therein, that if the non-slaveholding States fail to make satisfactory response to her requests, Virginia will feel compelled to resume her sovereign powers and throw herself upon her reserved rights. The resolution was nevertheless adopted, with a slight amendment."

THE EFFECT OF SHOT.—A shot does not make a hole of its own size right through wood, but indents it, the fibres springing back after the shock. Generally, the course of shot can only be traced by a wire, sometimes by a hole as large as a man's finger. The damage most often happens to the inside of a vessel, in splintering and breaking the wood, after the main force of the shot was spent. Forts Hamilton and Richmond, which are about a mile apart, with a vessel lying between them, could not, with their guns, send shot through two feet of its timber. There is rarely an instance where a ship was sunk by a solid shot. Hot shot and shells do the mischief: the latter will sometimes make apertures of several feet in extent, through the sides of vessels.

FEMALE VOLUNTEERS.—The Holly Spring *Herald* learns that the county of Chickasaw, Miss., has ten companies of volunteer soldiers ready to be mustered into the service of the State. It adds that, in addition to these:

"The county has a regularly officered and drilled company of young ladies, who have pledged themselves, in the event that the men are called into service, to protect their homes and families during their absence, and see that the farms are properly cultivated, and full crops raised not only for the support of the county, but of the army of Mississippi."

Spirit of the Press.

THINGS AT CHARLESTON.

We learn from various sources that the feeling of impatience and indignation at the continued occupation of Fort Sumter is very great, and may soon be uncontrollable. All the State batteries are completed and in first rate order for an attack. They have been constructed under the direction of most competent officers lately in the U. S. Army, under whose command it would be no child's play to come in conflict with them. The authorities of South Carolina are fully conscious of this and the military portion of them are understood to be desirous to distinguish themselves by capturing Fort Sumter, instead of quietly occupying it after an evacuation.

The conduct of the present Administration in the matter would be beneath contempt if it were not criminal in exposing the two sections to the imminent dangers of bloodshed, civil war, and hopeless separation. It is manifest that Maj. Anderson cannot hold the place—that he cannot be reinforced or newly supplied with provisions and fuel. There is no possibility, with any force the government can command, to throw such supplies into Fort Sumter. What then should be done? Are Maj. Anderson and his small band to be left to inevitable destruction? Must hundreds and perhaps thousands of the gallant but misguided soldiers of the Southern Confederacy be killed and maimed, before his destruction can be effected? Must we have WAR?

It is now three weeks since the Administration either authorized or at least permitted the statement that Maj. Anderson was to be withdrawn from Fort Sumter. This was either true or false. If true, why hazard the peace of the country by delay? If false, it should have been so stated. But instead of a straight-forward, manly course, either of peace or war, the Administration delays what all believe to be inevitable, as an alternative to the greatest of evils, and by that delay increases the irritation and excitement.—*Fayetteville Observer, Union.*

The Mountain (N. C.) Eagle, one of whose Editors is a leading disunionist and State Senator [A. W. Barton] has the following, which may explain the delay of evacuation of Sumter:—

"A private letter to us, which is worth all the Telegraphic despatches, states that Sumter remains in "*statuquo.*" That Gen. Beauregard has refused to receive the Fort as a surrender to *South Carolina* but that it must be given up to the *Southern Confederacy*, and the Officers surrender themselves as prisoners of War —*otherwise* he will *take the Fort.*"

In reply to the WAR question, the Charleston *Mercury*, the leading secession paper of the Confederate States, makes the following answer:

"An invasion, a campaign, or war, by land or sea, of the North on the South, is, in our opinion, gammon. Coercion is manifestly so nonsensical and absurd, that if it were practicable, it would not be attempted. And it is utterly impracticable for Mr. Lincoln and his Rump Government to make effective war upon us. The North, to be sure, is besotted, and Lincoln has threatened. He may hold Forts Sumter and Pickens—until *obliged* to yield them; he may, and probably will, keep Key West and Tortugas —because we have no naval resources—until a treaty of amity is made, or until the Confederate States have naval appliances for ousting him; but as to anything like real war, or anything beyond a few collisions concerning the forts, proving our temper and capacity in this revolution of government, we are altogether and entirely sceptical. Lincoln's secresy and activity, which trouble the correspondents, go to this extent—no more: he is nonplussed and fidgetty. He desires to hold the remaining forts, if he can; and will give them up, when he must. In the meantime, and until some decided and positive course is adopted by the Confederate States' authorities, he is audacious and vicious enough to intrigue, trifle and experiment about reinforcing and provisioning the strongholds in possession. Fighting immediately and obviously destroys the Union party in the Border Slaveholding States, and brings them into the Southern Confederacy; it destroys likewise, all hopes of re-establishing the broken Union which the Black Republicans all are loth to give up, and expect yet to mend; and it will raise a powerful anticoercion party in every Northern State, who will clog and cripple the Government; it will immediately bring the Government into hostile collision with the fleets of England and France; and it will make their commerce a prey to privateers; whatever the event, it must prostrate the commercial and manufacturing interests of the North; and, lastly, it will manifestly fail either to conquer and hold the fifteen Slaveholding States as provinces, or to persuade them back into the Union as friends and equal confederates. Every dictate of reason and common sense, therefore, leads to the same conclusion. Men and peoples are controlled by circumstances and events; and the circumstances and events, in this instance, are all to the effect that the Lincoln Government will not and cannot make war upon the Confederate States. That they will trifle and trick at the risk of bloodshed at the forts, is not out of character. But for invasion, or a campaign, or a war on sea, we confidently predict *there will be none.*"

We think that, a week or two since, President Lincoln really intended to give up Fort Sumter, and pursue a pacific policy generally towards the seceded States. The recent change in his course appears to spring less from the dictates of his own feelings and judgment, than to be adopted in consequence of an outside pressure brought to bear upon him by his party at the North, and this gives the darkest coloring to the future, since, in any Congress that may hereafter assemble, the North will have all the power, and its voice will be omnipotent. Were the movements now going on simply the visible manifestations of the individual views and policy of the executive government of the United States then there might be something hoped for from the conservative reaction and sober second thought of the people of the North, but no such hope is possible when we realize the fact that if coercion be attempted, it will be in deference to the dominant sentiment of the North pressing upon Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet.—*Wil. Journal.*

Telegraphed Items.

Our readers must weigh well these telegraphed sensation items.

Up to the first of this week quite a number of war vessels fitted up and sailed from New York, with all kinds of necessary armaments, men, and provision for both sea and land service, bound south. Immediately the telegraph commenced. What will be the end, we are unable to say.—Here are some of the dispatches:

NEW YORK, April 8th.—The war preparations on a large scale continue. Let the Charlestonians look out.

BOSTON, April 8th.—Sixty tons of cannon balls left the arsenal at Watertown Saturday for New York.

CHARLESTON, April 8th.—Gen. Beauregard has ordered out 5,000 troops.

The companies are constantly arriving and being put in position. New batteries are also being constructed.

WASHINGTON, April 8th.—The Southern Commissioners to-day received from the Department of State the reply to their official communication.

Seward declines to recognize them, and refuses to hold any communication with them other than as citizens of the United States.

It is now placed beyond all possible doubt that the attempt will be made by the United States Government to throw a full supply of provisions into Forts Sumter and Pickens.

The great military and naval preparations now going on mean coercion. All disguise is now thrown off.

There will be a collision in less than a week.

It is a significant fact, that of all the officers appointed to command in the expeditions now fitting out for the South, not one is from a Southern State.

Captain M. C. Meigs said yesterday that the people will in less than ten days know all about the movements, which create so much excitement here and elsewhere.

(From the Associated Press.)

The Commissioners appear to be impressed with the belief that the expedition now fitting out is principally intended for Texas. Intelligent Army and Navy officers are of the opinion that the bulk of the New York Expedition is destined for Texas, to operate on the frontier against Mexicans and Indians, and to re-occupy the Brazos, Fort Brown, and also the forts on the Indian frontier, where, according to official information, they will be met with a cordial welcome by the settlers.

Sam Houston has given full advices to the authorities here, and the result as anticipated will be the re-establishing him as Governor.

It is believed that the battle between the two Confederates will be fought on Texan soil. Among the stores shipped are 40,000 bags for sand, of unusual strength, several hundred horses and foraging carts, and sixteen double bank boats, for surf landing, several hundred oars, carbines, tent poles, canvass and ammunition of all kinds for a long campaign.

MONTGOMERY, April 8.—Offers of volunteers from the border States and the Confederate States continue to pour in—about 7000 from the former, and from the West about 2000 Indian warriors. From the Confederate States the offers are overwhelming.

The Cabinet has been in session all day on the strength of the news from Washington. Important news is hourly expected from Washington, and a brush at Pensacola is anticipated soon.

(Charleston Mercury, April 9.)

Last night Lieutenant (now Captain) Talbot, U. S. A., accompanied by Mr. R. S. Crew, arrived in Charleston and took quarters at the Charleston Hotel.

He gave the authorities an official notification from the Lincoln Government that Fort Sumter would be provisioned—peaceably, if practicable; forcibly, if necessary.

He did not visit Fort Sumter, but returned to Washington by the late train.

So the war is at last declared.

CHARLESTON, April 9.—The War Department at Montgomery has issued a call for three thousand volunteers from each of the Confederate States except Florida, whose quota is fixed at fifteen hundred.

CHARLESTON, April 9.—There are seven United States vessels off the Bar. All the City troops have been sent to harbor batteries. Country troops are coming in.

CHARLESTON, April 9.—Affairs remain quiet on the surface here, but deep feeling pervades the community. Prodigious preparations are progressing.

No war vessels are outside, so far as known.

CHARLESTON, April 9.—The excitement has somewhat subsided. About five thousand troops are now stationed at the respective fortifications. No signs of any United States vessels yet. Everything, however, is prepared for action.

Ex-Senators Wigfall and Chesnut, and Gov. Manning have been appointed aids to Gen. Beauregard, and went on active duty.

Hon. Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, has shouldered a rifle, and gone into the ranks. The greatest ardor prevails, and it is difficult to know who is going to stay at home.

Our readers have the despatches. To have displayed them with huge black heads as in the papers from which they are taken, would have made a sight to look at

A FRESH WATER SPRING AT SEA.—Mr. W. A. Booth, the coast pilot of the revenue cutter, *Harriet Lane*, reports the discovery of a boiling fresh water spring at sea, off the coast of Florida. He says the spring is situated twelve miles North by East, from St. Augustine, Florida, and eight miles off shore. It boils up with great force, and can be descried at a distance of two miles. When first seen it has the appearance of a breaker, and is generally avoided: but there is no danger in the vicinity, as there are five fathoms of water between it and the shore. Ten fathoms of water are found to the seaward, but no bottom can be reached with the deep sea lead, and thirty fathoms of line at the spring itself. The water in the spring is fresh and by no means unpalateable. One peculiarity about this phenomenon is, that when the St. John's River is high, it boils up from six to eight feet above the level of the sea, and presents rather a forbidding appearance. This spring has doubtless deceived hundreds, who have hastily put about from, as they thought imminent danger, and reported seeing a "rock with water breaking over it." The *Harriet Lane* has passed through it several times, and water has been drawn from it by a bucket thrown from the side, and and when drank, no unpleasant taste or smell has been found. Its position and harmless character have long been unknown, but now the supposed danger has become, as it were, "a well of water in a barren land."

Spain and Hayti.

It is stated, and it appears to be true, that Spain has taken possession of Hayti. Neither Spain nor any other civilized people, would take the trouble to hold and rule Hayti, with its present condition of African barbarism to be continued. The only motive for taking possession of Hayti must be to abolish negro rule and negro independence, and thus to make this magnificent island of sun and beauty, useful to the world. The negro must be reduced to his natural condition of slavery, and thus be made serviceable to himself and useful to the world. What the capacity of the negro is, for a condition of self-made civilization, was long since proved, in the condition of Africa from the foundation of the world. Every other race in the world from time to time, has shown its ability to reach certain stages of civilization. The yellow races of India, China and Japan, and even of this country in the condition of Mexico and Peru, when this country was first discovered, have manifested some capacity for self-elevation and civilization. But the negro of Africa is the same now that he was when the Egyptian Pyramids were built. Slavery has been his normal condition throughout ages. Disregarding nature, the experiment has been made in this hemisphere, after bringing him in contact with the American race, and being taught by him the blessings of civilization, to throw the negro on his own resources, under the vain hope and expectation that at last, under such new and more favorable circumstances, he might be able to maintain and improve the degree of civilization he had received. The fairest and richest portion of the world has been given to him but the experiment has failed. Instead of advancing in civilization, with liberty and stability in good government—and security to property, which can alone lead to its accumulation—bloody despotism and retrograde barbarism, under his control, have covered the beautiful Antilles. Justice administered by stable laws is unknown. Property has no security. Systematic, intelligent labor, which alone can draw from nature her rich agricultural resources, is fallen into disuse; and desolation, ignorance, superstition, and the gross corruption and brutal sensuality of savagism, cover the land. In this state of things, Spain takes possession of Hayti. Let her take it. If her power is wisely used, she will bring the negro again to his natural condition of slavery. She will make him useful to himself, and useful to the world. In contact with the white man, he may again be lifted up to that degree of civilization his nature will enable him to attain. Under the control of the white man, he may again possess a coerced morality, a coerced civilization, a coerced knowledge of true religion; and thus, happier himself, contribute to the world's happiness. We wish Spain all success in her enterprise.

It is the policy of the Confederate States to seek and cultivate the most intimate and friendly relations with all other slaveholding States. The Monroe doctrine—the doctrine of Southern statesmen when ruling the counsels of the United States—goes with the dissolution of the Union of the United States. Cuba is no longer of any use to the Southern States, as a counterpoise to the growing and insolent ascendancy of the North. She may be a valuable friend and ally. The more prosperous and powerful she is, the better for the Confederate States; and the wider Spain can extend the institutions of Cuba over adjacent Islands, the more worthy she becomes to be our ally.—*Charleston Mercury.*

SPEECH OF SENATOR BRECKINRIDGE.—On the 2nd instant, the Hon. John C. Breckinridge addressed the members of the Kentucky Legislature for about two hours. He favored a border State Convention, with the Crittenden amendments as an ultimatum, and intimated that if the seceded States will not come back, even upon these terms, the only appropriate and safe resting place, of the border States, is in the bosom of the Southern Confederacy. The bill for the election of delegates to the Border State Convention, which had previously passed the House, was passed in the Senate after the delivery of the speech.

FOREIGN MOVEMENTS IN THE GULF.—The reported intention of England and France to send a joint squadron of observation to the Gulf of Mexico is not confirmed by the later foreign advices, but still meets with a good deal of credence at Washington. It is also believed that the Spanish Government will disavow the action of the Governor General of Cuba in seizing Dominica.

One strong advantage of Fort Sumter—it can never get out of water.

MARRIED.

In Robeson county, at Lilliore, on the 24 inst., Dr. W. D. McCallum to Miss Mary B. Campbell.

In Salisbury, at the Boyden House, on the 24 inst., Mr. J. J. Stewart and Miss Clara L. Bruner.

In Alamance county, on the 9th inst., Mr. Wm. L. Edwards, of Guilford, to Miss Julia Morton, daughter Jacob Morton of Alamance.

In Raleigh, on the 7th inst., Mr. Burbin Poole to Miss Ellen Putney, daughter of William H. Putney, all of Wake county.

In Lexington, on the 28th ult., Mr. John Thomas and Miss Nancy Essick—all of Davidson.

In Davidson county, on the 12th ult., Mr. William P. Ford and Miss Susan, daughter of Andrew Sink.

In Lexington, on the 7th inst., Mr. Obediah Beck and Miss Catharine Stuckinger—all of Davidson.

DIED.

In Salisbury, on the 28th ult., Mr. A. H. Cress, aged about 45 years. The deceased was a native of Pennsylvania, but for many years a resident of Salisbury.

In Cumberland county, on the 11th March, in the 77th year of his age, Mr. Willis West.

In Mississippi, on the 8th March, Mr. Duncan J. Fairlie, a native of N. C. in the 28th year of his age.

In this county, on the 1st inst., David Mace, formerly of Carteret county, but for the last twenty years a citizen of Guilford. The deceased was about 65 years of age.

In Raleigh, on the 28th ult., Mrs. Sally Moss, Sr., in the 88th year of her age.

In Princeton, Dallas county, Arkansas, on the 14th ult., Stephen D. Eaton, aged 16 years and 11 months, son of James A. Eaton, deceased, late of Granville county, N. C.

COMMERCIAL.

Greensboro Market.

Reported expressly for The Times, by B. L. Ode.

April 12.—Bacon 12½c. Beef 7@8c. Beeswax 25c. Butter 15c. Coffee 10½c. Candles, tallow 20@25c—Adamantine 25@30c—Sperm 40@45c. Corn 75c. Meal 75c. Chickens 10@15c. Eggs 10@10c. Flour $7.00. Lard 12½@15c. Hay 50c. Oats 40@50c. Peas, yellow 90c, white $1. Pork $7. Rice 7c. Salt $2½@2½. Sugar, brown 10@12½c. loaf 15c. crushed 15c, clarified 14c. Tallow 12½@15c. Wheat $1@1.25. Fruit—dried apples 3cts. per lb. Peaches, unpealed 5@6c, pealed 9c.

NEW ORLEANS MARKET.

April 7.—Sales of cotton to-day 10,500 bales. Middlings 12@12½c.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

April 8.—Wheat—New crop white 1.50@1.70; red 1.38 Corn—White and yellow 55@59.

NEW YORK MARKET.

April 8.—Cotton quiet 12½@12¾cts. Flour—Southern 5.40@5.95. Wheat—Southern Red 1.55. Corn Mixed 66@67.

PETERSBURG MARKET

April 8.—Wheat—White 1.70@1.70c. Red 1.40. Cotton-mixed 11¾. Corn—80@90. Bacon—12c. Flour—sup. 7.25@7.50; extra 7.50@8.00, family 10@10.50.

RICHMOND MARKET.

April 8.—Tobacco—Lugs, common and good, at $3½@2½. Leaf, 5@10½. Wheat—Red 1.50@1.55; white 1.55c.

NORFOLK MARKET.

Reviewed weekly, by Rowland & Bros., Com. Merchants

April 9.—Flour—Family 7.00, Extra 6.75, Superfine $6.00. Wheat—white 1.25@1.50; red 1.10@1.25.—Spirits Turpentine 35@36. Rosin 1.50. Corn—white 63@65. Yellow and mixed 60@63. Bacon—shoulders 9@9½c. sides 11@11½c.

WILMINGTON MARKET.

April 10.—Turpentine—Virgin $1.60, yellow dip 2.00 hard $1.½ lbs. Spirits Turpentine—Country bbls 31½c. ½ gal. for New York bbls. Rosin—Pale 2.25 ½ bbl. Tar—1.50 ½ bbl.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

DR. J. BOVEE DOD'S IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS

are made from a pure and unadulterated wine which is about double the usual strength of other Wines and is imported by only one house in the United States: also, from the following valuable Roots, Herbs, &c., viz: Solomon's Seal, Spikenard, Comfrey, Camomile Flowers, Gentian, Wild Cherry Tree Bark, and Bay-berry. We do not profess to have discovered some Roots "known only to the Indians of South America," and a cure for "all diseases which the flesh is heir to," but we claim to present to the public a truly valuable preparation which every intelligent physician in the country will approve of and recommend.

As a remedy for Incipient Consumption, Weak Lungs, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Nervous System, Paralysis, Piles, Diseases peculiar to Females, Debility and all cases requiring a tonic, they are unsurpassed.—For the aged and infirm, or for persons of a weak constitution—for Ministers of the Gospel, Lawyers, and all public speakers—for Book-keepers, Tailors, Seamstresses, Students, Artists, and all persons leading a sedentary life, they will prove truly beneficial. These Bitters not only CURE, but PREVENT Diseases. Being entirely harmless they may be given to Children and Infants with impunity. CHAS. WIDDIFIELD & CO., Proprietors,

jan 30 78 William street, New York.

Sold in Greensboro by PORTER & GORRELL.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

D. W. ELLIOTT, Plain and Ornamental SIGN PAINTER, Greensboro, N. C.

N. B.—Persons in want of a permanent painter in the above business, are referred to editors of The Times.

apr. 13—tf.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned, expecting to leave Greensboro immediately, offers at private sale, the following property:

1 Walnut Bedstead and Mattress.
1 " Table.
1 " Wardrobe.
1 " What-Not.
1 " Wash Stand, Bowl, Pitcher, &c.
1 Stove, Zinc &c.

W. H. BOURNE.

apr. 13—tf. Yancy building.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

WHEN THOU FEELEST Sorrow's Shadows.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

When thou feelest sorrow's shadows
Darkening all things into night;
The portals of thy heart wide open,
That all objects may seem bright:
Seek to spread contentment round thee,
Scorn the world's alluring wiles:
Live, so as to leave behind thee,
A pathway filled with hopes and smiles.

Harbor ever kindly feelings—
In thy joys let others share:
Many hearts have died despairing,
For the want of tender care:
Words of kindness nothing cost thee,
Yet, oh, if they be given;
They may lead a fallen brother
In the path that leads to Heaven.

Let us strive to do our duty,
Unto those who're humbler born;
Let us not because they're ragged,
Pass them by with sneering scorn:
Let us keep this truth before us,
That all who dwell upon earth's sod;
Be they clothed in rags or purple,
Are equals in the sight of God.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Agriculturist.

Farm Work for April.

Though April brings greatly increased labor upon the farm, it is hailed with pleasure by the cultivator, who has waited impatiently to recommence active operations. There is no time to be lost if every thing is not in readiness for the Spring work, which will soon demand all our energy and care.

Accounts—Keep a regular account with each field, charging it will all expense and giving credit when the crop is returned; without this it will be impossible to tell accurately what crops or methods of treatment are most profitable. Let all contracts with hired men and others, with all sales and purchases, be plainly recorded. It will save trouble.

Barley—Sow Spring variety, on well manured ground, thoroughly prepared. Use 2½ to 3 bushels per acre. Soak the seed 24 hours in a weak solution of blue vitriol, drying it with air slacked lime.

Birds—Allow no harmless birds to be destroyed on the premises.

Bones—Allow none to be wasted. Break them in pieces with a sledge, moistening them with diluted sulphuric acid, if convenient, and throw them into the heap of horse manure, where they will soon decay. If ground bones or bone sawings are accessible, use them in preference to any "patent" preparations.

Buildings—Remove banking from the sides of the house. Repair damages done by March winds. See that eaves-troughs and gutters are free front leaves or other obstructions. Clear out rubbish from barns and sheds. Cleanse and whitewash poultry houses, and other out buildings, both to improve the appearance and prevent vermin. If vines are to be trained to porticoes or the sides of the house, prepare proper supports. A trellis made by nailing cleats to the building and passing wires through them, or nailing cross strips, is usually preferable to attaching vines directly to the boards.

Cabbages—For first crop set plants from the hot-bed, in rich mellow soil, in rows 2½ feet apart, and 2ft. distant in the row. Early York is a favorite.

Calves—Raise enough of the best to keep the supply of stock ample. Teach them to drink when two days old. Commence with new milk, and gradually mix skimmed milk with their allowance Shorts, oat meal, or refuse wheat ground may be given after a few weeks. Keep pens dry and clean.

Carrots—Try a plot for winter feed for horses and other stock. Sow in drills sixteen inches apart, on heavily manured and deeply tilled soil, made fine and free from stones and lumps.

Cattle—Allow them to exercise awhile in the open air daily, but do not turn them to pasture until there is abundant feed. If you have them, give roots with hay at the barn. Working cattle need grain, with roots to keep up their appetite. Attend carefully to breeding cows; they may need assistance. Keep them separate in roomy stalls.

Cellars—Open, and remove all decayed vegetables and rubbish. Use brine from emptied meat barrels for the asparagus bed or upon the compost heap. Whitewashing walls and beams is important.

Clover—Though somewhat late it may yet be sown on Winter grain, and it always pays. After a cold night when the ground is full of cracks, is the best time to sow. If sown on Spring grain it may be worked in with a roller, or light brush harrow.

Corn—Have a full supply of seed of both late and early ripening kinds. The improved King Philip is a superior early sort, for localities far north, and for replanting where the first fails.

Cranberries—Select for a plantation a swamp which can be flooded in Winter and Spring. Drain the surface, remove brush, stumps, and tussocks, and if practicable, cover with three or four inches of sand, it will be early enough to plant vines in May.

Fences—Complete repairs, particularly boundary and road fences. Use up surface stones for permanent walls. Plant hedges, of Buckthorn, or Honey locust, and Osage Orange where it grows.

Grain Fields—Clear out dead furrows which were opened for surface draining last Fall, and remove any obstructions from the outlets of underground drains. Where the grain is Winter killed, harrow or hoe over the surface and sow Spring grain. Keep all stock from grazing or trampling the fields.

Grass Seed—Sow, with Spring grain, and also upon any bare or thin spots in meadows.

Health—Avoid over exertion, particularly in commencing active labor. Be cautious in laying aside winter clothing. Don't fret. Take plenty of time for meals Eschew advertised pills, bitters, etc.

Hedge Rows—Allow none to remain for shelter to vermin and breeding spots for weeds. Take out elders, briers, etc., by the roots, and sow grass seed.

Lucerne thrives best on limestone lands or deep sandy loam, and is well adapted for soiling or cutting and feeding while green. It is worth trying. Sow on well prepared ground.

Manure—Draw out from sheds and yards, and leave in small heaps in the field until ready to spread it for plowing. Cover the heaps with soil to retain ammonia. Add to the compost heap the contents of privies and sink drains, the cleanings of the poultry house and wood shed, with whatever else can be turned to account. Reduce manure to as finely divided a state as possible, and mix thoroughly with the soil by repeated harrowing.

Meadows—Keep out all stock from the young growth. Remove brush, or growing hedges. Scatter the cattle droppings left in lumps. Top dress bare spots with fine manure, sow grass seed liberally and roll or harrow it in.

Onions—Choose a rich loamy soil, reduce it to fine tilth, work in fine manure and ashes liberally, and rake off all stones and lumps. Sow, in drills one foot apart, 4 lbs. of seed per acre. Cover lightly; weed as soon as the rows can be seen.

Potatoes—Plant, on rich mellow soil. Procure seed from a distance every few seasons. Cut the tubers and put about four eyes to a hill.

Poultry—Feed liberally with grain and occasional bits of chopped meat. Collect eggs daily. Set the hens, for early chickens. Provide clean nesting boxes, and movable coops to receive young broods.

OUR HOMES.

Tried Receipts.

TRAPPED DUCKS.—Cut in pieces a large duck and stew it in merely as much water as will cover it well and keep it from burning. Let it stew gently and skim it. When it is done, take it out and cut all the meat off the bones in little bits. Return the meat to the stew-pan and lay it in its own gravy, and simmer gently till it comes to a boil, keeping it covered; then thicken it with a little flour, and two beaten yolks of raw eggs; add two wine-glasses of Sherry or Madeira wine and two hard-boiled eggs, cut in small pieces.

LEMON CREAM.—One pint of cold water, six eggs, one and a half lemon; rub the peel on sugar before cutting it, then squeeze and mix it with the water; strain it, beat the eggs till very light, put it on the fire and keep stirring until sufficiently thick, but do not let it boil; sweeten the lemonade before adding the eggs.

GAUDALOUPE CAKE FOR TEA.—Take one pound of flour, one pint of milk, and one cent's worth of yeast; set it to rise; then work half pound of butter and half pound of white sugar to a cream; six eggs beaten very light. After the sugar, butter and eggs are well worked together add the sponge, which should be very light; then add another pound of flour, half pound of raisins and half a pound of currants. You can add nutmegs, or any other kind of spice, to suit your taste. Flour your fruit well before they are put in. It should bake an hour and a quarter at least. It is very nice cold, but it is generally eaten warm.

The Green House.

There should be a fine display of flowers this month. Roses, Azaleas, Calceolarias and Cinerarias will form the principal objects of attraction. Syringe freely to keep leaves clean, and maintain a moist atmosphere; fumigate occasionally with tobacco smoke, pick off dead leaves and flowers, and admit air freely during mild weather. Remove all hardy kinds to cold frames.

Azaleas—As they start to grow, should be repotted and all straggling shoots cut in.

Camellias—As the wood begins to ripen, admit air more freely.

Pelargoniums—Will now be in bloom. Give air and water freely.

Calceolarias—While in bloom, should be in an airy part of the house.

Fuchsias—Will require constant attention, by shifting frequently into larger pots, and pinching back irregular or straggling roots.

Gloxinias and Achimenes—Started last month, if growing freely will require changing into larger pots.

Pruning Evergreens.

It is a pleasure to see sound doctrines win their way to popular favor. It is not many years since one dared to prune a tree at transplanting. Before that he was sure to get the pity of the knowing ones; now, he who does not prune, is the one who gets pitied.

By understanding that trees die after transplanting from evaporation, and that pruning is one of the chief modes of lessening the demand on the mutilated roots for moisture, the re-planting of deciduous trees has become a pretty certain operation. The digging of trees is often entrusted to careless or unskillful hands. One is never certain how this tree will be taken up; but should it be handed him in a dangerous condition, he knows at least how by pruning the head, to save its life.

These facts now constitute a general rule of action in the case of deciduous trees. Evergreens are popularly supposed to be an exception. It is said that the "people are seldom in error, and are never so long," and we hope for their interest it will prove so here.

Evergreens are as thankful for the knife's good offices as a deciduous tree. The same laws govern them, and the same practice follows. Indeed, the laws of evaporation bear harder on the evergreen. It has a larger surface of foliage; more extended channels for evaporation. In winter, when evaporation bears the hardest on a transplanted tree, that of the deciduous section has only its branches exposed.—All the moisture it looses passes out through them. But the evergreen has in addition a large mass of foliage, through which its juices are continually being drained, till by spring it becomes as a squeezed orange to the Ice King, and is cast away as worthless.

It is a fortunate circumstance that while a greater necessity is shown for application of the principle, experience shows the evergreen to like it. The anticipated happiness of a want fulfilled, is seldom indeed so well experienced in its realization; for the evergreen absolutely luxuriates in a good pruning. We are not too sure that it can have too much. Judiciously performed, we have never seen it over-done.

"Judiciously performed" has a deep meaning when writing of evergreens. We have, of course, reference to Pines, Spruces and Firs. These constitute what may be termed the border line between the two great divisions of the vegetable kingdom. The Endogen, such as the Palm, that increases from the centre, has an erect tendency, and a disposition to have none, or to lose what few side branches it may have; and the Exogen which increases from the outside, and has a bushy spreading headed habit. It is this intermediate position that gives Pines their upright appearance, in which they approach the Endogen; and their branching habit, which allies them to the Exogen. In our practical treatment of them, we have to combine what we would do separately.

If we cut off the head of a true Endogen it will not make another leader, but throw all its strength into its side branches, which usually take the form of suckers from near the surface of the ground. The Cocoa-nut and Plaintain are familiar examples. Their stems have to be cut down to the ground when they once lose their heads. In a decided Exogen, a Maple for instance, the cutting of a leading shoot only makes it the more determinately seek to furnish another to supply its place, and this it does at the expense of the side branches, which become weaker and finer, till if the heading-off is repeated, they often die entirely away.

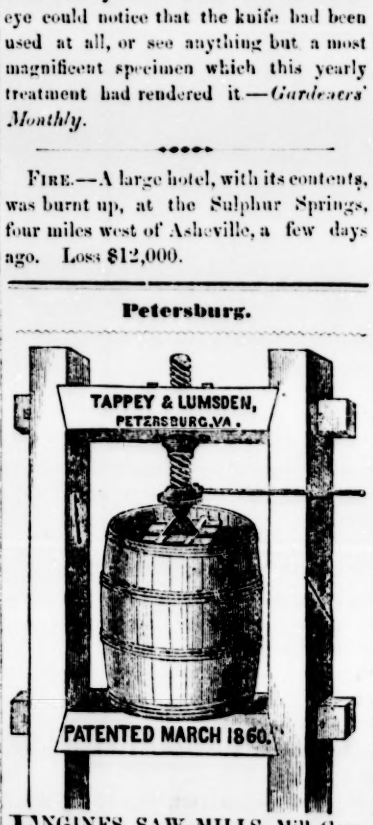
We have thus to reverse the modes of pruning. To make an evergreen bushy the surest way is to cut its central shoot. It does not like to make another, and so all its growth is forced into the lower branches, which thus become very dense, and of surprising luxuriance. Very often when old plants are operated on, they will utterly refuse to make another leader, in which case the nearest side branch must be carefully tied up to a stake, secured to the main stem for the purpose. This makes for a couple of years an ugly curve, after that it becomes gradually absorbed in the thickening of the trunk, and is scarcely visible eventually. If, however, the terminal shoot is pinched off with the finger and thumb, while it is young and succulent, in June, when it is elongated, the growth will be just as much checked, while you have the advantage of the formation of a lot of new buds, which will of themselves form leaders another year. We have never known any kind of Pine to fail in making these buds in the shoots of present season's growth, when they will do so but very unwillingly from older wood.

The Scotch Pine, usually so rugged and art-forsaken in appearance, makes beautiful objects under this treatment. The top buds, and buds of shoots round about the central shoot, may be freely operated on, but the lowest buds should never be touched. This last rule is essential.

All that we have said has been to illustrate the principle in an every-day view. In transplanting more is useful than to merely pick out central buds; whole portions of branches may be freely cut away. Top branches be it still remembered. In all this a neat eye will be required to keep a good shape to the tree. Of course they will not be cut off so as to leave the branches standing out like the stubs of a worn out broom; each branch should be taken out close down to where another diverges. Fortunately in Pine and Spruce this can be prettily done by taking out the central shoot in each branch. We saw a friend recently take out one hundred cuttings from a five year old Pinus excelsa and no eye could notice that the knife had been used at all, or see anything but a most magnificent specimen which this yearly treatment had rendered it.—*Gardeners' Monthly.*

FIRE.—A large hotel, with its contents, was burnt up, at the Sulphur Springs, four miles west of Asheville, a few days ago. Loss $12,000.

Petersburg.



ENGINES, SAW MILLS, Mill Gearing, Horse Powers and Threshers, Tobacco Screws and Mills, Hydraulic Presses, Cotton Gin Irons, &c., on hand and made to order. Above is a cut of a labor-saving Tobacco Screw which carries its lever back and forward without change. Our Power and Thresher will thresh 250 bushels wheat per day, with four horses.

TAPPEY & LUMSDEN, *Petersburg, Va.*
Sept. 8—1y. Opposite Jarratt's Hotel.

Richmond.

1861. SPRING IMPORTATION. 1861

Clarkson, Anderson & Co.,

NO. 106 Main Street, Richmond, Va.,

IMPORTERS of heavy and Fancy Hardware, Cutlery, Guns and "Anchor Bolting Cloth," are in receipt per ships Morning Star, and Petra, direct to the James River, of their Spring Importations, to which they invite the attention of such merchants as buy for cash or pay promptly, feeling assured all such will find it to their advantage to buy of them.

They are also agents for Fairbank's celebrated Scales.

N. B.—Particular attention paid to orders.

Sept. 1—1y.

AN ERA

IN

THE HISTORY OF

AMERICAN INVENTIONS,

SLOAT'S

FAMOUS PLANTATION

SEWING MACHINE

IS

JUST COMPLETED,

LET

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REJOICE,

For the great acquirement is at last attained and a new machine of

WONDERFUL CAPACITY

has been introduced making the celebrated

LOCK STITCH,

WITH

A ROTARY SHUTTLE

Holding

150 Yards of Thread,

designed to do away with all other machines for the use of

TAILORS

and

MANUFACTURERS.

ALL

Interesting themselves in the mechanical advancement of the age

ARE INVITED

to come and see these most

REMARKABLE MACHINES.

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JUST RECEIVED

A fine assortment of the well-known

SLOAT'S

ELLIPTIC SEWING MACHINES,

The Unapproached and the Unapproachable

FAMILY

SEWING MACHINE,

which challenges Competition in being capable of

SEWING

THREE THOUSAND STITCHES

PER MINUTE.

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MADE UPON SOUTHERN SOIL

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SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE,

and

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

E. L. BROCKET,	Agent for	Petersburg,	Va.
S. S. DAWES,	"	Norfolk	"
C. C. BERRY,	"	Suffolk,	"
C. D. REYNOLDS,	"	Liberty,	"
THOMAS FOX,	"	Halifax, C. H.	"
JOHN J. HILL,	"	Danville,	"
J. W. PAULETT,	"	Wythville,	"
JEFFERSON & LOVEING,		Roseland,	"

Feb. 9—3m

LITTLE ONES' CORNER.

Senator C.--A Sketch for Boys.

It was in the winter of 185–. We were stopping for a short time in Washington city, and had just been listening to one of Senator C's. soul-stirring and patriotic speeches—a speech that won the admiration alike of friend and foe.

"Do you know anything of C's. early life?" said I to my frined who had just been descanting on the great speech of the session.

"Do I know anything of it? Why, bless you! Yes, I know *all* about it," was the reply. "Not *quite* all, perhaps, but enough to be able to say.—'He has turned out just as I expected.'

"Well do I remember the mellow autumn morning that he and his elder brother, Walter, entered Mr. B's. 'Grammar School for Boys.' They were fine, manly looking lads, of fourteen and sixteen, perhaps. Walter, the handsomer of the two, had an air of gentility, spite of his hard hands, sun-browned face, and homespun clothes.—William, the speaker of to-day, had then the same massive brow, the same clear blue eyes, and the same air of decision, that mark him now. There was, however, an awkward bashfulness in his manner, half-pitiable, half-comic. Their father, we' understood, was a poor farmer up in the Saranac country, who, by dint of his own and his boys' savings, had scraped together money enough to send them for one term to our school, as the first step towards fitting them for college. We soon found that their recitations were not to be laughed at, however it might be with their manners. William, however, was the better scholar. How he had contrived to master the Latin Grammar and translate half of Virgil on that backwoods farm, with no help but an old borrowed dictionary, was more than we could understand. Walter was a quick, showy scholar, but he lacked William's steady perseverance. Fond of popularity, with a genuine love of fun, and an easy, complying disposition, he soon became a favorite with the boys, though he had little money to spend.—William was always obliging and frank, entering heartily into our lawful boyish sports, but he could never be induced to join in any attempt to deceive the master. He scorned the meanness of a lie as much as he detested its wickedness, and a little fellow we had nearly all been in the habit of teazing, more because we found he was easily vexed than from a worse motive, found in him so fearless a defender that we grew ashamed of our cowardice, and instead of being the jest of the school, little Hal soon found himself a hero.

"There was something about William that attracted me, and when in the spring a weakness of the lungs, which I inherited, made it necessary to suspend my studies, I begged my father to send me home with the C. boys for the summer. In that little brown house on the rugged hillside, I learned to really know and love my freind William. He labored cheerfully and constantly with his father, improving the leisure moments he could now and then find when waiting for meals, and the like, in study.

"But it was there that his moral qualities shone most brightly. His mother was a woman of some culture, with sterling common sense, and one of the kindest hearts. I saw that it was to her second son, and not her eldest, that she looked for sympathy and aid. To him his sickly sister turned for companionship and amusement, never in vain. His cherished books were cheerfully laid aside, to read to, or converse with, her; and his little brother was always sure of attention and help from Willie, in fashioning his sleds, carts, and boxes. Besides, Willie had caught the pretty gray squirrel that he loved so much. Willie, too, had made the house for his rabbits.

"In the autumn, only one of the boys could return to school, and William conceded the right to his eldest brother, but I saw the tear in his eye and knew how sorely he was disappointed."

"You make him a pattern boy, indeed," said I.

"He *was a most noble boy*, yet he had then *one* fault. He was passionate. His eye would flash and his lip quiver, sometimes, at a slight provocation, but he struggled manfully with his besetting sin, and even then was striving to be peaceable and gentle, as Christ was gentle.

Several years elapsed before I met him again, but I never lost sight of him. He fitted for college under difficulties which would have discouraged an ordinary mind, and graduated at ——with the highest honors. Soon after, while pursuing his professional studies, the sudden death of his mother broke up the little family at home.—He then removed his invalid sister to the city where he was living with the strictest economy, hired for her pleasant lodgings, and procured for her every comfort, softening, in every possible way, the trials, and brightening the closing days, of her brief life. To do this, he was obliged to suspend, partially, his studies and find employment as a writer, for I believe he always made it a rule to 'pay as he went' resolving not to commence life in debt."

"But the elder brother, what became of him?"

"Poor Walter! With many fine traits of character, and a superior intellect, he became the victim of his appetites. The cigar and spiced confectionery he learned to love at school, and which his richer companions were ever ready to exchange for his funny stories, created a desire for stronger stimulants.

At college, lack of means only kept him from being first among the roystering blades, and he left at the end of two years. Since then, his course has been *down—down*. He is still living in an almost imbecile state, supported by his generous brother who has sought unceasingly and untiringly to reclaim him.

And now, do you wonder that I say, while I admire Senator C.'s highly cultivated and masterly intellect, that I admire much more his unselfishness, his purity, his self-control, or, to include all in a two words, his Christian manliness."

Boys, you cannot *all* be like Senator C. in intellectual greatness, but *all* may imitate his nobleness of heart.—*Vermont School Journal.*

Miscellaneous.

CATALOGUE OF GARDEN SEEDS Warranted the growth of 1860—for sale at the Drug Stores of PORTER & GORRELL, Greensboro, N. C.

ASPARAGUS.	PARSLEY, Double curled.
BEANS—	PARSNIPS.
Early yellow 6 weeks,	PEAS—
" Mohawk 6 "	Extra Early May.
" Valentine.	Early Tom Thumb.
Extra early Beans.	PEPPER—
Large Lima "	Long Cayan.
Small " "	Red Cherry.
White Kidney.	Large Sweet.
BEETS—	PUMPKINS—
Early Blood Turnip.	Large Cheese
Long "	" Field.
White Sugar.	Cashaw (Crook Neck)
Mangle Wortzel.	RADISH—
BROCOLI.	Red Turnip.
CABBAGE—	White "
Early York.	Early long Scarlet.
Large late Drumhead.	RHUBARB.
" flat Dutch.	SALSAFY, or Oyster Plant.
Early Sugar-loaf.	SQUASH—
Red Dutch (for pickling)	Early Bush or Patty-pan.
Large Drumhead Savoy.	Long Green, or Summer Crook-Neck.
" late green glazed.	Buist's Marrow.
CARROTT—	TOMATO—
Long Orange.	Large Red.
Large white Belgian	" Yellow.
CAULIFLOWER—	Pear Shaped.
Early Dutch.	TURNIP—
CELERY—	Early flat Dutch or Spring.
White Solid.	SWEET AND MEDICAL HERBS—
Ice Cos.	Anise.
CORN—	Caraway.
Early Sugar.	Coriander.
Adams Extra Early.	Fennel.
CRESS or PEPPERGRASS	Lavender.
CUCUMBERS—	Sweet Majoram.
Early Frame.	Rosemary.
Long Cluster.	Sage.
Gherkin (for pickling.)	GRASS SEEDS—
EGG PLANT—large purple.	Red Clover.
LETTUCE—	Timothy.
Early white Butter.	Orchard
" curled Silesia.	Herd, or Red Top.
Royal Cabbage.	Mixed Lawn Grass.—finest quality.
MELON—	Also a full assortment of New, Rare and beautiful Flower Seeds.
Cantelope.	Feb. 2
Nutmeg.	
Citron (for preserving)	
NASTURTIUM—	
Dwarf Crimson.	
OKRA—	
Dwarf.	
ONION—	
White Silver Skin.	
Large Red.	

COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.

SEVENTH YEAR.

Special Announcement.

The disturbed state of the country, and the consequent absorption of the public mind in the momentous events of the day, have so restricted the operations of the agents of the Association as to impel them quite generally, to ask of the Directory an extension of the fiscal year. The Directory had made all arrangements for closing the books at the regularly advertised time (at 6 P. M., January 31st,) but, finding that a large number of old subscribers have been, as yet, unable to renew their memberships, their solicitations, united to those of the agents, for further time, have induced the Directory to prolong the year to

THURSDAY, APRIL 18th, 1861, AT 6 P. M.

up to which date and time the books of the 7th year will remain open to receive subscriptions. This date has been chosen that the relief, which it is fondly hoped the Spring will bring to our distracted political and commercial relations, may enable all to accept the unequalled offers made by the Association to its 7th year's subscribers.

Engravings are ready for delivery to all, as they subscribe. Those subscribing *per mail* [illegible] will be supplied with any Association Engraving which may be selected; with the *Art Journal* for 1861; and with a Certificate of Membership, for the 7th year, which entitles the holder to a member's rights and privileges in the Annual Premium Award, to be made on the evening of April 18th, immediately after the closing of the books.—The Premium list embraces several hundred valuable Paintings, Marbles, Parians, &c., by our best artists—a full catalogue of the same being given in the Art Journal for December. The List of Awards for the 7th year will be announced in the Art Journal for June, which will issue as soon after the Award as the lists can be put to press. By order of the Directory, C. L. DERBY, *Actuary Cosmopolitan Art Association.*

Subscriptions received by COLE & ALBRIGHT, *Hon. Sec'ys.*

SCHOOL DIRECTORY.

A DELIGHTFUL PLACE to LIVE! A splendid place to study! Come to the Ocean-side. We have none of the extremes of heat and cold.—Books and natural scenery here will educate the mind and the soul to the greatest perfection.

We make no flourish over *numbers*, knowing scholarship to be of greater importance. The ATLANTIC FEMALE SCHOOL is not sectarian. L. BRANSON. aug1-ly Morehead City, N. C.

BEULAH MALE INSTITUTE, MADISON, Rockingham county, N. C.—A First Class School for Boys, Rev. L. H. SNUGS, A. M., Principal. Students thoroughly prepared for College or for the practical duties of life. Scholarship thorough and rigid. Idleness and dissipation positively forbidden. Tuition $10 to $20, Board $8 per month. Next Session opens on Wednesday, January 30th, 1861.

REFERENCES—Hon. Thomas Settle, Hon. W. A. Graham, J. J. Martin, Esq., Gen. Peter Hairston, J. H. Dillard, Esq., Col. J. Masten, Wm. Martin, Esq., Hon. David S. Reid. nov 24tf

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE. THE SPRING SESSION of 1861 will begin on the first Tuesday in January, and close on the third Thursday in May. There will be no Winter vacation. The regular exercises of the College will be suspended only a few days at Christmas.

There will be vacancies next Session for other pupils. Those wishing to send their daughters will please inform the subscriber at an early day.

Terms as heretofore. For full particulars apply to Nov. 8, 1860. T. M. JONES.

GRAND VIEW FEMALE SEMINARY, Alamance county, N. C., Mrs. NANNIE M. MORTON, Principal, with competent Assistants. This Institution is located in a healthy and intelligent region of country, seven miles north of Gibsonville Station, on the North Carolina Railroad.

TERMS PER SESSION OF FIVE MONTHS:

Lower English Branches	$7 00
Higher English Branches	10 00
Music on Piano	15 00
Use of Instrument	1 00
French	5 00
Oil Painting	10 00
Wax, Leather Work, and Embroidery, each	5 00
Board, per session	35 00

The fall session of this Institution will commence on the 15th of July, 1860. Letters should be addressed to JACOB MORTON, may5-tf Morton's Store, Alamance co., N. C.

HIGH POINT FEMALE SCHOOL. HIGH POINT, North Carolina. S. LANDER, A. M., *Principal.* Miss J. C. LINDSAY, Miss M. J. TUCKER, Mrs. L. A. LANDER, *Assistants.*

The Spring session, 1861, will begin Feb. 4th. Pupils admitted any time, and charged for the time they remain.

RATES—Board $8 per month; Tuition (including Latin, French, and Singing, $10.00, $12.50, 15.00; Piano or Guitar, $20.00.

TERMS—Twenty-five dollars per session required *in advance*, the balance at the close of the session. Pupils furnish their own towels and candles. They buy *nothing* on credit. A liberal share of patronage is desired and expected. June 30tf.

J. R. & E. M. McAULAY'S SELECT SCHOOL.—*Morganton, N. C.* The course of instruction will embrace the Latin and Greek Languages, Mathematics and the usual English branches. It will be our earnest endeavor to render our School thoroughly preparatory to the University of N. C., or any College.

Morganton is beautifully situated among the mountains of N. C., and will soon be accessible by rail road. There is, at present, a daily coach from the head of the road, 12 miles from Morganton. For *terms*, address the Principals. Sept. 1—3m.

KERNERSVILLE HIGH SCHOOLS —MALE AND FEMALE—*Forsyth County, N. C.* REV. T. S. WHITTINGTON, A. M., Principal. MISS D. M. WHITTINGTON, Prin. Female Dep.

The next session will open the 11th of January, 1861.—Expenses, per term of twenty-one weeks, from $40 to $75. The young ladies board in the Seminary with the Principals. Half of the tuition in the Male, and half the expenses in the Female Department, in advance. The remainder at the close of the Session. High Point is the nearest depot. For full particulars write for a catalogue. dec 15-tf

METHODIST PROTESTANT FEMALE COLLEGE, JAMESTOWN, *Guilford Co., N. C.* The 4th Session will commence January 2nd, 1861, with the same faculty as the past session. The College is in a very flourishing condition, located in one of the healthiest sections of the State, and is a desirable school for those who wish to give their daughters or wards a thorough and accomplished education. Tuition $15, per Session; Music on Piano or Guitar $20; Grecian Painting $7.50; Embroidery $7.50; Latin, French, Oriental Painting, Drawing, Hair-flowers, Wax-flowers, Feather-flowers, Wax-fruit, each, $5; Vocal Music $1; Contingent expenses $1; Board $7.50 per month, including washing and fires. Lights extra. No deduction except in cases of protracted sickness. One-half payable in advance. For further information address J. S. KAY, Sec. dec 1-6m

NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.—This enterprising Institution, located at Mount Pleasant, Cabarrus County, N. C., will begin its next session September 24, 1860. It enjoys a beautiful and healthful situation, and is of easy access to all parts of the State. Its literary and moral advantages are unsurpassed by institutions of a similar character throughout the country. Entire expenses for session of 10 months, including board, washing, fuel, tuition, and all incidentals, from $106 to $157. For further particulars address

Rev. D. H. BITTLE, *President, or* aug. 25-3t Col. JOHN SHIMPOCH, *Sec'y of Board.*

PATRICK SPRINGS FEMALE COLLEGE, PATRICK COUNTY, VA.—The first five months' session of this Institution will close Thursday 20th December, 1860, and the next session will commence Wednesday 2nd January, 1861. A great portion of the buildings has been remodeled and newly plastered since the opening of the present session. We are enlarging the Campus and making important changes on the grounds, which will greatly add to the comfort, convenience, and beauty of the place. Our object being to render this Institution as justly celebrated for developing and strengthening the mind, as the healing waters of the "Springs" are for imparting health and vigor to the body: so that, at no distant day, it may stand as the first Female College of the South. Here young ladies freed from the influence of the fashions and follies of town and city, may quietly pursue their studies, and secure those attainments which will fit them to adorn the highest circles of society. It is very desirable that young ladies be in attendance at the beginning of the Session; but they are charged from date of entrance only. We have no extra charges, and deductions are made in cases of protracted sickness. Bills payable half at entrance, the remainder at close of session.

Expenses per Session of Five months—Elementary English, $12.50; Higher English, $15.00; Modern Languages, each, $7.50; Ancient Languages, each, $7.50; Music $22.50; Painting in Oil, $20.00; Painting in water colors, $10.00; Grecian and Antique, each, $12.50; Drawing and Embroidery, each $5.00; Board, including room rent, fuel, lights, and washing, $50.00. For particulars refer to pamphlet, or address, REV. W. B. McGILVRAY, A. M., Pres. aug 4-ly Patrick Springs, Va.

TRINITY COLLEGE.—The next term will commence August 15th. We have good boarding accommodations for about two hundred students.

EXPENSES:

Tuition, ... $50 00 per annum.
Tuition in Preps. .... $25 00 to $35 00 per annum.
Board, including rooms, fuel, washing &c. ...$8 00 to $10 00 per month.

july7-4w B. CRAVEN.

WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The Spring session of this school will commence on the First Monday in February and continue for five months. We have in our employ a full corps of teachers, and no pains will be spared to promote the advancement of young ladies who may patronize us. dec24-tf E. F. WATSON.

YADKIN INSTITUTE, DAVIDSON COUNTY, N. C.—This flourishing Institution opened its spring session January 14th, 1861.

We prepare boys for College or for life. Our Boarding arrangements are agreeable, and we try to be a benefit and pleasure to every one with us.

Tuition is from $8 to $15. Entering fee $1. Board $3.50 per month. G. W. HEGE, A. M., Principal. feb. 9—tf.

PIONEER STEAM MILL.—At the urgent solicitations of friends, I have erected, at my plantation 4 miles below this place, a STEAM FLOURING MILL with 2 pairs of Brown's patent Burrs, Mill capable of grinding a large amount of grain daily. If we can be sustained in this enterprise we will assure those who patronize us that better flour cannot be made for them in North Carolina. Every portion of the machinery is of the latest improvement and every reasonable effort will be made to give entire satisfaction. Gunners will be furnished to all who wish to store wheat, and Barrels to those who wish to have flour packed. Give us a trial, and we assure you shall not be disappointed. [illegible] W. J. McCONNEL.

Business Cards.

W. GRAYDON.....J. GRAYDON.....G. H. SEELEY.....W. A. SCOTT.

A. PERRY SPERRY, of North Carolina, with WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of Dry Goods, 45 Park Place, and 41 Barclay st., New York. 2-ly

C. POLVOGT, Upholster and Paper Hanger, Corner Front and Princess Streets, WILMINGTON, N. C.,

Keeps constantly on hand MATTRESSES, LOUNGES, CUSHIONS, FEATHERS, CURLED HAIR, MOSS, and All UPHOLSTERY MATERIALS. Also, Paper Hangings, Window Shades, Fire Screens and Decorations of every description. PICTURES FRAMED TO ORDER. Prompt attention given to fitting up Rail Road Cars, Steamboats and Private Dwellings. July 21—8m.

FINLEY JOHNSON, being well known as a Writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write orations, addresses, essays, presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the press, write acrostics, lines for albums, obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Post-office address, Baltimore, M. D. 107-tf

JOHN A. PRITCHETT, CABINET-MAKER, and dealer in Furniture, near the N. C. Railroad depot, Greensboro, keeps constantly on hand or will make to order all kinds of cabinet-furniture, such as dressing-bureaus, wardrobes, washstands, cottage-bedsteads, chairs, coffins. FISK'S PATENT METALIC BURIAL CASES (Rosewood finish) of all sizes, always on hand. Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work, as he is confident from his past experience it cannot be excelled. Work delivered on board the cars free of charge. 127-ly

MISS JENNIE BILBRO.—FASHIONABLE MANTUA MAKER, at the *Sike's House,* South Elm Street, near the Depot. mch. 23—ly.

S. ARCHER.....D. GUNDLING.

S. ARCHER & CO., Dealers in *READY-MADE CLOTHING and GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.* Jan. 5, 1861—ly. Greensboro, N. C.

T. R. FENTRESS, Merchant Tailor, No. 15 Fayetteville Street, *RALEIGH, North Carolina,* will return in a few days from New York, with a large supply of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, and Furnishing Goods in every variety. He respectfully invites the attention of the Gentlemen of Greensboro and vicinity to his establishment, and warrants the best goods, and the best fits at the cheapest Northern prices. He will visit any place for the purpose of taking measures, where a number of orders are made up for him to justify. Encourage home industry. Nov. 3—tf.

DISSOLUTION!—The Copartnership heretofore existing under the Firm of DRUCKER, HEILBRUN & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent, by the withdrawal of D. A. Wolff; the business will be transacted from this day by DRUCKER & HEILBRUN, who will settle all debts due them and against the old firm. LEVY DRUCKER. JOSEPH HEILBRUN. DAVID A. WOLFF.

Greensboro, March 14, 1861.

Thankful to the community for past favors and patronage to the old firm, we would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

Mr. Lewis Cohen, who will transact our business for the present, at the old stand, "widdow Adams,'" we authorize to use our name in liquidation. mch. 9—1m. DRUCKER & HEILBRUN.

Norfolk and Portsmouth.

FALL TRADE.....1860.

HERMAN & CO., NORFOLK, VA., Wholesale Dealers in *BOOTS, SHOES, LEATHER,* and everything else found in an extensive Shoe Establishment. Sep. 15.

5000 PACKAGES BOOTS, SHOES, &c., just received from the hands of manufacturers and for SALE at 5 per cent. less than Northern prices.—Nos. 38 & 40 Iron Front, Market Square, *NORFOLK, VA.* Sep. 15. HERMAN & CO.,

M. A. & C. A. SANTOS, No. 3 & 5 Main street, and No. 51 Bank street, NORFOLK, VA., Importers and Dealers in *DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS,* Window Glass, Seeds, Spices, Segars, Soaps, Perfumery &c., &c. Our stock will always be large and select, and buying from first hands, and to a great extent for cash, and at the proper time, we can give assurance of the excellence of our Goods, and can sell at the Lowest Market Rates. M. A. & C. A. SANTOS. Sept. 1.—ly.

R. G. STAPLES, CARD-WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less written and forwarded, prepaid for $1.50 per pack; cards of more than two lines $2.00 per pack, pre paid to the address of those ordering. tf

ROWLAND & BROTHERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Norfolk, Va., are prepared to receive and dispose of advantageously any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience together with every facility and ability, enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for and refer to among others: P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan. Authorized agents for THE TIMES, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6-ly

KING & TOY, *Wholesale Druggists,* *NORFOLK, VA.,* offer to Druggists and General Dealers, the largest stock and best assortment in the South, of *Drugs, Paints, Oils, Glass, Perfumery, Dyestuffs,* patent medicines, &c., at New York wholesale prices for cash. Sept. 1—ly

W. T. WALKE.....F. A. WALKE, M. D.....M. B. GOODWIN.

WALKE & CO., Importers and Jobbers of DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, and Druggists' Fancy Goods, *NORFOLK, VA.* Sept. 1—ly.

Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S.....J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C. 1-ly

JOHN W. PAYNE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, having permanently located in Greensboro, will attend the courts of Guilford, Randolph and Davidson; and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands. 6-ly

GEORGE W. COTHRAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Lockport, Niagara county, N. Y. 105-tf

JACOB T. BROWN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, High Point, N. C., will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111-ly

LEVI M. SCOTT.....WILLIAM L. SCOTT.

SCOTT & SCOTT, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Greensborough, N. C., will attend the courts of Guilford, Alamance, Randolph, Davidson, Forsythe, Orange and Rockingham. All claims entrusted to them for collection, will receive prompt attention. Office on North Elm street, fourth door from Lindsay's corner. jan 21-ly

JOB WORK.—The reputation we have enjoyed for the last five years sustains us in putting OUR JOB WORK IN COMPETITION WITH THAT OF ANY OFFICE IN THE STATE.

We will do any kind of Printing as neat and as CHEAP as any other office will do it.

ALWAYS HAVE IT READY WHEN PROMISED.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT. October, 1860. Greensboro, N. C.

BOOT AND SHOE STORE!—Having purchased of J. R. F. BOONE his entire stock of Boots and Shoes, the undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that they intend keeping a GOOD ASSORTMENT OF BOOTS AND SHOES, and other articles connected with that line of business always on hand—which they are determined to sell very low and for CASH ONLY. Opposite Britton's Hotel. July 26tf. [illegible] GRAHAM & CO.

Periodicals.

A PAPER FOR THE CRISIS!

THE TIMES,

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR N. CAROLINA

A Large Eight-Page Weekly, Published in Greensboro, N. C.

$2.00 A YEAR.....$1 FOR SIX MONTHS.

THE TIMES enters upon its sixth volume the first week in January 1861, in a new dress of large and readable type. It shall be the untiring efforts of the publishers to make THE TIMES a Family Newspaper equal to the demands of the present crisis. THE TIMES is neither sectarian nor political: but by its freedom of thought, and independence of character, its columns shall be filled with *life* and *spirit*; and will present and defend whatever policy will, in the opinion of its editors, best promote the interest of the people and develope and enrich the State. The editors of THE TIMES will pay special attention to the news department of the paper, and will report the proceedings of Congress, of the Legislature, of the various state Conventions, and whatever will be interesting to its readers in every section of the country. No labor will be spared to have the latest, the fullest and the most reliable news.

The Domestic and Agricultural departments of THE TIMES will receive during the coming year more attention than heretofore. The Domestic economy, comfort and happiness, and the independent and honorable pursuit of Agriculture, form the great wealth and peculiar characteristic of our free country, and specially so in North Carolina. THE TIMES will, therefore, be a welcome visitor to every country home, and to every industrious farmer.—THE TIMES is presented to the people of North Carolina as a home paper, devoted to the development of home industry, in the confident hope that our people will be disposed in this national crisis to patronize home papers; to build up home interests instead of scattering their substance and their energies among strangers. Give THE TIMES a trial, and then let it stand on its own merits.

Address COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro, N. C.

Specimen numbers sent, on application.

THE N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.—The 4th volume of this journal commenced with the year 1861. It will be published monthly, at ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR! and each number will contain thirty-two pages of reading matter.

THE JOURNAL is neatly printed on good book paper, with some improvements, and efforts will be made to improve it in every respect, in proportion to the encouragement received from those to whom it looks for support.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association, and is under its control; and it is the aim and wish of the committee to whom the management of it is entrusted, to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

THE JOURNAL is also designed to be a medium of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and the school officers and teachers of the State. And, since the county boards of superintendents are beginning to act under the law allowing them to "subscribe for a copy of THE JOURNAL for each school district to their respective counties," more attention will be given to the special interests and wants of Common Schools.—Teachers and other friends of education are earnestly requested to act as agents, and also to contribute articles suitable for its pages.

TERMS: One Dollar per annum, invariably in advance: any one sending ten new subscribers, will be entitled to one copy extra.

THE JOURNAL and THE TIMES, one year, for $2.50.

As a medium for ADVERTISING, the *Journal* is not surpassed by any publication in the State. In about one fourth of the counties it is sent to not less than three persons in each school district, not exceeding 3 miles square, which gives it a circulation equivalent to 5000, or more, with a constant increase. For terms, &c., address, J. D. CAMPBELL, tf Greensborough, N. C.

DAILY BANNER.—We offer the Daily *Banner* to country subscribers, and all others, at *ten cents* a week. Fifty cents will insure its visits for five weeks, or one dollar for ten weeks. We shall be in the thickest of the Union fight from this time until the question is decided. We shall give full reports of the proceedings of the State Convention. Send in your names and your money. The *Banner* is the only Daily in Raleigh. Address FRANK I. WILSON & CO. Feb. 23—

Prospectus of the TRINITY COLLEGE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

COLUMBIAN SOCIETY.	HESPERIAN SOCIETY.
J. R. COLE.	J. Q. JACKSON.
C. C. HINES.	W. C. WILSON.
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THE FIRST NUMBER of this new Literary Candidate for popular favor, will be issued in June. The Societies of Trinity College are determined to furnish the public a Magazine of real ability and refined Literature: they intend that the execution, both mental and mechanical, shall compare favorably with the very best works of a similar character.

The rank of Trinity College among the Institutions of the South, the tone and culture to be found in her halls, and the uprising spirit of the Old North State, will reasonably support our claim to a representation in the LITERATURE OF THE DAY!

The utility of such a work, if properly conducted, cannot be questioned. A monthly publication of fine thought, clothed in the forms of refined and elegant speech, will do much to elevate the tone of society—to increase the appreciation and love of the FINE ARTS, and to promote our advancing civilization.

We think we can profit our Literary Societies, and do some good for the public. Influenced by these considerations, the two LITERARY SOCIETIES OF TRINITY Have determined to publish a Monthly Magazine, each number to contain *sixty pages of reading matter.* We shall be aided by some of the most talented men in the country, and shall spare neither labor nor expense to merit a liberal patronage.

TERMS—$2.00 per annum, invariably in advance.

All communications in reference to the Magazine, should be addressed to J. R. COLE, SECRETARY, *Trinity College, N. C.* mch. 23—tf.

Medical.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia. A Benevolent Institution established by special Endowment, for the Relief of the Sick and Distressed afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic Diseases, and especially for the Cure of Diseases of the Sexual Organs. MEDICAL ADVICE given gratis, by the Acting Surgeon, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in case of extreme poverty, Medicines furnished free of charge. VALUABLE REPORTS on Spermatorrhoea and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, and on the NEW REMEDIES employed in the Dispensary, sent to the afflicted in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Two or three Stamps for postage will be acceptable.

Address Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. by order of the Directors, EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *President.* GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Secretary.* Nov. 3—ly.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH Cancers, Asthma, Scrofula, or any skin disease, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some of which were given up as hopeless by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure anyone of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing and if any one is incredulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States. Calls will be made, or medicine sent by mail.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art by which the worst cases of Stuttering and Stammering can be cured in a very short time. The afflicted would do well to write him and describe their case.

Address, W. H. EDWARDS, tf Greensboro, N. C.

LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS, LAMPS.—In consequence of gas having been lately introduced in our place, we have left on our hands a large assortment of Kerosine Lamps, which we propose to sell for less than the original cost. We can furnish lamps suited to churches, academies, parlors or kitchens. Call at the Drug Store [illegible] PORTER & GORRELL.

LADIES CONFECTIONERY.—Mrs. J. W. ALBRIGHT, [illegible] doors west of the Times Office, would inform the ladies of Greensboro and vicinity, that she has just received a large and beautiful assortment of CANDIES, FRUITS, NUTS, PICKLES, Preserves, Crystalized Fruits, Toys, Crackers, &c. Her selections being made especially for the ladies, she respectfully solicits and confidently expects a liberal share of their patronage.

Having made an engagement with one of the most experienced bakers in the State, orders for Parties, embracing Cakes, Candies, Nuts, Fruits, &c., can be filled, which for style and price will defy competition.

Every description of legal BLANKS for sale at this Office.

Dr. R. J. Breckinridge's View.

The first number of the Danville Quarterly Review has an article from the pen of the Rev. Robert J. Breckiaridge, D. D, of Kentucky, on the state of the country. It is entitled, "Our Country, its Peril, its Deliverance." It may be fairly classed as occupying ground between the positions taken by the Rev. Dr. Hodge in the Princeton Review, and the Rev. Dr. Thornwell in the Southern Presbyterian Review. Perhaps it is Kentucky as distinguished from New Jersey and South Carolina. First, it discusses the Spirit of Anarchy, its Rise, Progress, Present State, Nature and Tendency: Secondly, Grounds of Hope and Effort: Thirdly, Negro Slavery, as the cause or occasion of Sedition, Anarchy and Revolution, considered in the light of our Civil and Political Institutions, of the Law of Nature and of the Word of God. Then it treats of the grounds of amicable settlement, simple and equitable, wise and patriotic, and closes by defining the doctrine of coercion—its abuse and nature; and the power, duty, and responsibility of the General Government.

The paper is very extended, and if it is not marked by the usual vigor and pungency of the productions of its distinguished author, it is eminently patriotic, national and union in its sentiment, lofty in its style and earnest in appeals. It resists secession as seditious and destructive. It advocates firmness and energy on the part of the General Government. But it does not clearly indicate any line of policy which ought to be pursued. The following passage is full of meaning: it has moral and political relations of vast moment in it, and indeed in this single paragraph there are truths expressed, which ought to restore the country to peace and perpetuate its unity in spite of the diversity of interest and sentiments between the free and the slaveholding States.

SLAVERY AS GOD REGARDS IT.

If we acknowledge the Sacred Scriptures to be the divine rule of our faith and our practice, there ought to be an end to all extreme opinions, and all violent proceedings, on this entire subject. From the days of Abraham, to the death of the last inspired Apostle, there is one uniform doctrine, one uniform practise, one unchanging aspect of the whole matter—presented by God for the guidance of mankind.—Throughout the total revelation which God has made to man—throughtout the immense period embracing the dispensations of Abraham, of Moses, and of Christ,—human servitude, Abrahamic, Jewish, Christian and heathen—and the heathen aspect of it, such as was presented in every nation of antiquity, Asiatic, African and European, down to and after the period of universal dominion by the Romans; we have this immense subject exhibited to us, in all its possible bearings, by God himself. Never, in a single instance, is it represented to us as a thing good in itself; never, in a single instance, as a thing sinful in itself; always as a thing actually existing, always to be expected, allowed by God, considered and treated in his law, regulated by his providence, wholly indifferent as concerning his grace, and to enter into our final account to him, both as we may be masters and as we may be servants, in the light of our faithful discharge or our wicked neglect of our duties to each other in that relation. As masters, the measure of our authority is the measure of our guilt, if we neglect the duties binding on us, or abuse the power we possess: so that the slavery which exists amongst us, carries this responsibility to a height which, to all thoughtful Christian persons, gives the institution one of its heaviest burdens. To consider the relation, on the side of the master, one merely of profit to himself, is to forfeit at once every justification for its continuance; while, on the other hand, to rob the relation wholly of that aspect, can be founded only on the notion that all servitude is sinful, or else on some fanatical idea of justice or charity, which if rendered practical would put an end to society, by putting an end to all motive for any one to obtain any sort of service from another. That every form of servitude ought to be ameliorated continually, even if we are sure it can never be abolished, is as clear as that poverty should be alleviated though we know it can never be prevented, or that sickness should be relieved, though it is certain it will recur forever. Clear as may be the justification of every form of servitude so far as the mere question of *sin* is concerned—and perfect as may be the right to persist in the extreme form of it, so far as the civil power is concerned—there are a thousand considerations, personal and public, moral and political, which may so bear upon individuals and communities, as to make it their clear duty, under given circumstances, to put an end to the hereditary slavery which exists amongst us, or under given circumstances to make it improper to attempt it, or impossible to accomplish it. It is absurd, therefore, if not monstrous, to contend that vast regions of our coutry are morally bound to the last extremity and as their chief duty, to labor for the more secure establishment and the more effectual perpetuation of negro slavery; and equally so to array public opinion, and to direct political parties, in other vast portions of the country, to the repression or the destruction of it, on any pretext at all, much less any connected with our moral nature. We have already shown that a faithful observance of our constitutional obligations would put an end to all such opinions and practices; and that there is no justification for any of the principles on which they rest, or the proceedings to which they lead, to be found in natural law. And now it seems clear, that the only infallible rule of conduct, God's blessed Word, condemns in the most possitive manner, all the pretexts concerning negro slavery, whether at the North or the South, upon which the public mind has been lashed into madness. Slavery is an institution, which revolutions neither perpetuate nor abolish, except under conditions wholly accidental. And if the anarchical spirit, whose seditious career we have traced, finally triumphs and this nation is destroyed—the real problem to be afterwards worked out will be, the ultimate dominion of the White race, or a mixed race essentially African, over the cotton region of this continent. Is the inaugurating of that problem worth the ruin of this great nation?

Capacity of the South to Feed Itself.

A great error that the Republican presses are now instilling into the Northern mind is, that the South has not the capacity to feed itself. They find it straightened for food at this time, and, therefore, conclude that such must always be the case, if cut off from Northern supplies The severe drought last summer is the cause of the scarcity of food of the South. Kansas is suffering from the same cause. The Northern part of Ohio, a few years ago, suffered from a like cause, and so severely that cattle died for want of provender. No part of our widely extended country is exempt from such a calamitous visitation.—To show that the South can produce the articles necessary to sustain a people in war, we have made the following exhibit from the census table of 1850. And it is only necessary for the South to double these figures, to put under cultivation only about one-half the number of acres now devoted to Cotton and Tobacco, and devote the other to the raising of corn, wheat, potatoes, &c. The following are from the census statistics of 1850, of articles produced in the slave States that year:

	Bushels.
Corn	312,634,947
Wheat	27,735,928
Oats	33,318,290
Sweet Potatoes	48,419,161
Irish Potatoes	6,068,062
	Tons.
Hay	1,658,047
	Numbers.
Hogs	20,476,182
Sheep	5,278,081
Horses	2,037,792
Mules	503,498
Cows	2,815,922
Oxen	833,289
Other Cattle	6,073,454

We have not enumerated the Rice, Rye, Barley and other products that are largely cultivated in some of the Southern States. We give only a part of the yearly products of the Southern States, of such articles as are required to support a people in time of war. The people of those States can, if put to, supply from their own soil an abundance of the necessaries of life, without being dependent therefor on any other people. All they have to do to make that certain, is to devote more land to the cultivation of Corn, Wheat, &c., and less to Cotton, Tobacco and Sugar. Heretofore, the Cotton, Rice and Sugar States have found it to be more profitable to cultivate those staples to the exclusion of all products, and depend upon the Northwest for Corn, Pork, Flour, &c. That was a matter of choice, not of necessity. The border slave States can supply the whole South with all the Corn, Pork and Flour it can consume, and have a surplus.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Constitution.

Our readers have already been informed that a vote on the Constitution has been taken in the South Carolina State Convention, & that it has been accepted by a vote of some twenty against one hundred and fifty. The Convention is almost unanimous, we understand, in objecting to two provisions: one, the admission of anti slave States by even a two-thirds vote of the Houses of Congress; and the other is the continuance of a partial, instead of a full, representation of persons who are slaves, in the Congressional apportionment. Besides these, there are many in the Convention who object to the insertion of the slave trade prohibition into the *Constitution*, instead of leaving it to legislate *enactment*, as in the old instrument. These, we believe, are the only matters to which any serious exception is taken, although doubtless many would like to have had the duties on imports specifically limited to ten or fifteen per cent. *ad valorem*, and many would have preferred a more responsible way of electing the President, than by the present party caucus system. With these exceptions, and as a whole, it is generally regarded as an admirable Constitution, and one which will make us a prosperous and happy people for generations to come, if we have but the wisdom to keep our Confederation one of proslave republics exclusively, and not to mix it of States having different domestic institutions and antagonistic views. No more of "the irrepressible conflict," and hands off with the North, is clearly our policy.

Those who have supposed the ratification of the Constitution by this State a matter of any doubt, have troubled themselves with uncalled-for anxiety. There has been no uncertainty from the time the Constitution was first published. Had South Carolina occupied another position than the prime mover in this revolution, and had other circumstances warranted it, she might have made a point on objectionable features of omission and insertion in the Constitution—at least first tried to have them corrected. But prominent as she has been, and in the unsettled condition of affairs, she has not hesitated a moment about accepting a Constitution, which if not entirely satisfactory, yet embodies many important and radical improvements upon the United States Constitution. It is probable that with the proposal of some of the amendments she desires, for the consideration and action of the Confederate States, however unlikely their adoption may be, South Carolina will ratify the new Constitution by a vote approximating to unanimity.—*Charleston Mercury.*

HARD TIMES IN BALTIMORE.—The Baltimore *Sun* publishes a column of letters from firms in that city, showing that business there is nearly ruined, and that somebody is "hurt." One clothing firm, which gave work last March to about one thousand two hundred persons, now employs two hundred; another, in the same business, employs four hundred and ten, where last year it employed one thousand one hundred. Speaking of business prospects, the Sun says:

Ordinarily, at this season of the year, the revival of business imparts vivacity to all the departments of active life, but the spring opens with us without any of the customary evidences of confidence and activity, and idleness and destitution are entailed upon many who have looked with kindling hope to this period. If the current state of public and business affairs continues, the suffering of the present day is but the beginning of further and more general distress.

A DIFFICULT OPERATION.—We have heard a great many original expressions, intended to illustrate the impracticability of particular things, in the course of our life. We remember a certain lawyer whose favorite one was "Gentlemen of the Jury, you might as well expect a man to swallow a thorn-bush;" but we think Prentice's idea of the difficulty in the way of secession in Kentucky, presents a case so nearly approaching utter impossibility as to give a Southern Rights man a fit of chronic despair. Hear the old sinner "You can't cram secessionism down the throats of Kentuckians. You might as well——in the language of a distinguished member of the Missouri Legislature——try to stuff butter in a wild cat, *with a hot awl*.

Mr. Crittenden's Views.

Hon. John J. Crittenden addressed the Kentucky Legislature, by invitation, on the 26th ult. We make the following extract, upon what policy Mr. Lincoln should pursue:

What is the policy for the General Government to pursue? Now, Mr. President, without undertaking to say what the exact policy—under circumstances so singular as the present hour presents us with—I will only undertake to say that they ought not to pursue a course of forcible coercion. Not the policy of coercion, I say. Our object and desire are to bring them back into terms of former Union and fellowship. That is the object of our private affections, as well as of our public policy. To attempt by coercion—by arms—to force them back in the Union at the point of the bayonet—to shed their blood—is no way to win their affections. Let them go on in peace with their experiment. This government is not bound to patronize revolution against itself—therefore, I say, let its policy be the policy of forbearance and of peace. Let them make this experiment under all the advantages that peace can give them.

We all hope, for their own good and their own welfare, that their experiment will fail of success—that when the increased expenses of a government formed of a few States and the thousand inconveniences that attend its disruption from the great body to which it belonged—like tearing off an arm from the human system—when they have come to experience all the pains and inconveniences—all the troubles and all the pests that attend, and must inevitably attend, this extraordinary movement—they will begin to look back to the great mansion of their tribe—the grand Union of this great Republic—they will wish to return to their brethren, no longer to try these hazardous experiments of making governments separate from this Government. These are truly hazardous experiments. I think they will fail. I hope so only because that will have the effect of restoring our lost brethren to us. I am, therefore, for the peace policy. Give them an opportunity of making the experiment. Do not excite them by war or bloodshed. They have been sufficiently misled by other causes Add to those causes the irritation that the sight of blood will necessarily create, and we can have no possible hope of reconciliation—them to us or us to them.

Let us rather trust to peace. Let us trust to their experience—the inconvenience of their errors. They will come back. We will invite them back—not receive them as offenders or as criminals: we will receive them as brethren who have fallen into error—who have been deluded, but who, discovering their errors, manfully returned to us, who magnanimously receive them and rejoice over them. I want the General Government to pursue this policy of peace and forbearance. What shall the separate States do? Those slaveholding States still adhering to the Union ought to be more particularly forbearing.

A SEA HORSE.—A specimen of the natural curiosity, known as the "sea horse," was caught in the Rappahannock river, Va., by W. P. Perry, of that State. The creature is about five inches in length, has the body and tail of a water dragon, and the well formed neck and head of a horse. Fins are in the place of the ears upon the head, also along the back and underneath the belly. It is said to be the first of its kind caught in the waters of Virginia. It was kept alive for three weeks, during which time it showed a fierce disposition, raising itself when attacked, and making a short snorting noise, somewhat similar to a horse. It will be placed in the Smithsonian Institute for exhibition.

Two of these creatures were caught on the coast of North Carolina, several years ago, and sent to the University of this State.

THE SOUTHERN CAPITAL.—The citizens of Tuscaloosa, the old capital of Alabama, held a public meeting on the 16th ult., and appointed a delegation of three Commissioners to set forth her advantages as a proper location of the capital of the Confederate States. A correspondent of the Tuscaloosa *Monitor*, writing from Mobile, says: "In a conversation with a member of the Mississippi Convention, we found that the far famed 'City of Oaks,' our own lovely Tuscaloosa, has been settled upon by that Convention as the permanent location of the capital of the Confederate States of America."

LOCAL CORNER.

Commencements.

These annual "festivities" will soon again be upon us. Next Thursday four weeks, being the 16th of May, will be the commencement day of Greensboro Female College. The Thursday following, 23rd May, is the commencement day of Edgeworth Female Seminary. There exercises will be highly interesting and will attract large audiences. We have not learned the names of the several speakers yet.

Pioneer Steam Mill.

We respectfully call the attention of the citizens of the county to the advertisement of the "Pioneer Steam Mill," by W. J. McConnel. They are assured that this mill is fully equipped "as the law directs" to do good service. Nobody should eat mean flour, when they can obtain that which is good. Send your wheat to the "Pioneer Steam Mill," and try its capacity for good flour.

We are in no reflective mood this week. For a week we have suffered with intense and piercing pain, compared to which the bursting of a ship load of bumb-shells, in the distance, would be nothing. The schooling is severe, but we guess we are now ready for the fight, and musket balls would be little playthings like shot in a child's rattle, merely exciting enough to keep up the interest and to keep of the ennui. If some of our secession friends around Fort Sumter would like to exchange the horrid grin of those Columbiads for the tooth ache, they will please address the editor of this paper immediately.

"The longer I live," says Sir T. F. Buxton, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men—between feeble and powerful, and great and insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once fixed on, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a twolegged creature a man without it."

A son of Erin having hired his services to cut some ice, was asked if he could use the cross-cut saw—He replied that "he could surely." He was sent accordingly with some of his co-laborers to cut some ice, and on reaching the centre of the pond the saw was produced with both handles still in their places. The verdant son, looking at the saw, very coolly put his hand in his pocket and drawing from it a cent, turned to his companion and, raising the cent said,

"Now Jemmie, fair play head or tail, who goes below.

"Sure," said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a present from his employer, "I always mane to do me duty."—"I believe you," replied his employer, "and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year."—"Thank yer honour," replied Pat; "and may all your friends and acquaintances trate you as liberally."

A mile or so from town, a man met a boy on horseback, crying with cold.

"Why don't you get down and lead the horse?" said the man, "that's the way to get warm."

"It's a b-b-borrowed h-horse, and I'll ride him if I freeze."

Scene, a Restaurant.—Cockney Waiter: "Am, sir? Yes sir! Don't take anything with your 'am, do you sir?"—Gentleman: "Yes, I do; I take the letter H!" [Waiter faints]

They are best suited to be happy who are neither too high nor too low—high enough to see models of good manners, and obscure enough to be left in the sweetest of solitudes.

A wag passing by a retailer's shop, and seeing him measuring out molasses, called out to him. "Sir, you have a sweet run of business."

A young lady who believes in "Bible law of Love," when smitten by her lover's lips on one cheek, always presents the other.

"I thought you told me, doctor, that Smith's fever had gone off?" "Oh, yes! but it and Smith went together."

The difference between an oyster and a chicken is, the one is best just out of the shell and the other isn't.